

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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No 449.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 30, 1907.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND THE THREE BLACK STARS; OR, THE MILLION LOST IN THE MEADOWS. *By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.*



The surprise was complete. Two of the Yeggmen tackled Old King Brady, who put up a stiff fight. A third rose out of the rushes and covered Harry with a revolver. A fourth came running to the scene.







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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BRADYS GET A FORTY-YEAR-OLD CALL.

The order from Washington read:

"Report, September 10th, Frank Brock's, 7:30 p. m. to 9. J. C. Tanner."

As the order was from the United States Secret Service Bureau, of course it had to be obeyed.

It was addressed to the Brady Detective Bureau, No. — Union Square, New York, and the world-famous detective, Old King Brady, read it aloud to his partners, Young King Brady and Miss Alice Montgomery.

"And where may Frank Brock's be?" demanded the latter.

"Boston," replied Old King Brady.

"And the oddest cafe in the country," added Young King Brady. "But who is J. C. Tanner?"

"Really, I don't know, Harry," replied the old detective. "The name is strange to me."

"And as this happens to be the date named, this order spells Boston for ours to-night."

"That is it. Better get ready. We will push right along over there, going it blind as we usually do in such cases. I could wish the Washington people might be a little more definite, but they have a beautiful fashion of doing things their own way."

And so at one o'clock the Bradys turned up at the Grand Central Station ready for Boston.

Many in the crowd glanced at the old detective, whose wide reputation and peculiar dress always renders him a marked man.

For Old King Brady when not in disguise invariably appears with a long, blue coat with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar and a big white felt hat with an extraordinarily broad brim.

Young King Brady was dressed up to the minute, as usual, but Alice Montgomery, owing to the fact that their appointment was at a cafe and the margin of time short, was in male attire, which dress she carries perfectly.

No one living would imagine that Alice was not a man.

The firm made themselves comfortable in one of the staterooms of a parlor car.

The long, hot ride over at last, the Bradys turned up at Young's Hotel, where rooms had been engaged by telegraph.

They had barely time to wash up and eat supper.

Then, turning up Washington street, they proceeded to Portland Place, one of Boston's many blind alleys, and entered Frank Brock's gorgeously appointed cafe.

None of the drinkers in the place paid special attention to them, so it was to assumed that J. C. Tanner was not present.

This cafe is cut up into numerous small booths separated from each other by high partitions and brass railings.

It is also a veritable museum and the Bradys, having taken possession of one of the booths, Harry took Alice the rounds, showing her the curiosities which he had often seen before.

They were thus engaged when a busy looking person came around to the booth and nodded to the old detective.

He was a slim young man with a reddish Van Dyke beard and a black slouch hat, who looked as if he might be an artist.

"My name is Tanner," he said, in a low, mysterious voice. "You are Old King Brady, I presume?"

"Come in," replied the old detective. "Yes; I am Old King Brady."

Mr. Tanner opened the gate and seated himself opposite the old detective.

"I may as well complete the introduction by stating that I am the newly appointed Secret Service Commissioner at Boston," he said.

"Indeed," replied Old King Brady. "I was not aware that there had been a new appointment."

"Yes; a month ago."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Tanner. We received orders from Washington to wait upon you at seven-thirty this evening and here we are."

"Here you are. I understood that you had two partners."

"Yes; and here they come now."

Harry, seeing that Old King Brady had company, was returning with Alice to the booth.

They seated themselves at the table and were duly introduced.

"Allow me to compliment you upon the absolute perfection of your disguise," said the Commissioner to Alice.

Alice nodded.

It was a case for Old King Brady to do the talking.

The old detective took the matter right in hand.

"Well, Mr. Tanner, we are ready for business," he said. "What is this case you have on hand?"

"That can best be explained by this letter and affidavit," was the reply. "I will add that both were found in an old box along with other papers in a lumber room over at the Charleston Navy Yard, which was recently done away with to make way for certain repairs."

Thus saying the Commissioner took out a large wallet



and drawing from it two papers laid them on the table before Old King Brady.

"We are attracting attention here," said Old King Brady. "We had best order drinks even if we do not consume them."

He rang the bell and the drinks were ordered.

After that the waiter, who had persisted in hovering near them, went elsewhere and they were left to themselves.

Old King Brady opened the letter first.

It was yellow and time-stained and was written on the cheap paper of the long ago.

The letter ran as follows:

"To H. C. Rawlins, Commander U. S. Navy Yard,  
Charleston, Mass.:

"Respected Sir:—I forward herewith affidavit of John Marsh, who died under my care last night at the Massachusetts General Hospital. If true, it is a matter of great importance. Upon that I cannot pronounce. The dying man made this affidavit at my request. Further than that I know nothing. Yours truly,

"John H. Case, M. D."

"Boston, July 10th, 1865."

Laying aside the letter Old King Brady opened the affidavit.

It had been hastily scrawled on foolscap paper and was in the doctor's handwriting.

The document had been duly witnessed and sworn to before a notary public.

It was dated the day previous to the letter and ran as follows:

"Having been informed that I am about to die and having in my possession an important secret, I make this my dying affidavit as follows, solemnly swearing that every word herein contained is true to the best of my knowledge and belief:

"My name is John Marsh. I am a citizen of Wilmington, North Carolina, at which place I was born on the 25th day of April, 1840.

"At the breaking out of the war I enlisted in the Confederate naval service and served as a seaman in various capacities during the war, being principally attached to the small despatch boats which were engaged in running the blockade.

"On January 10th, 1865, I was assigned to the Texas, a small, swift blockade runner, which had been ordered to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to convey to that port Major Moses Moulton, C. S. A., Captain Witherspoon in command.

"What the full mission of Major Moulton was I have no means of knowing, but I have no doubt that he was simply the agent selected by certain high officials of the Richmond government to convey to a place of safety the money which I am about to mention.

"Whether this was money belonging to the Confederate Government or whether it was private funds, I do not know.

"I at no time actually saw the money, but I was in-

formed that it was all in U. S. greenbacks and Bank of England notes.

"That it was not Confederate money I was positively informed by Major Moulton himself.

"As my time is short, I shall not go into the details of our voyage. It is enough to say that we changed the name of our steamer to the T. C. Kingslake and flew the British flag.

"We were successful in running the blockade and all went well with us till we were caught in the great gale of January, 1865, while off Cape Cod.

"The steamer was old and rotten. The sea simply pounded her to pieces, and she sank off the mouth of the Merrimac River.

"All hands took to the boats and as far as I know none of them, except Major Moulton and myself, ever reached the shore.

"I was detailed to go with Major Moulton as oarsman in a little dingy. It was his own choice that we two should go alone.

"With us was a leather portmanteau, the contents of which I did not know at the time we embarked, but after we started the Major informed me that it contained upwards of a million dollars in greenbacks and Bank of England notes as aforesaid.

"We were knocked about all night, but managed to hold our own.

"Towards daylight we found ourselves in a salt creek running up into the meadows below Portsmouth, New Hampshire, as I afterwards learned, although at the time neither of us had the slightest idea where we were.

"Shortly after daylight we made a landing at a place where there was a ruinous old farmhouse and some other buildings, one of which I think was an old tide mill.

"The place was entirely deserted and as we stove in our boat on a sunken pile we found ourselves at the end of our rope.

"There was a road running through the meadows reaching west and this we determined to follow. Major Moulton was afraid to take the money with him lest we should fall into the hands of the United States authorities, so he took the portmanteau and went away by himself on the meadows and hid it somewhere.

"I was ordered not to follow him and did not.

"When he returned he sat down in the old house and drew up a paper and made a map.

"He then gave me \$500 and made me swear that in case anything happened to him, he being a sick man and having heart disease, that I would do my best to reach Halifax and deliver said paper and the key of the portmanteau to the firm of Brightstone & Carver.

"We then started along the road and when we had walked about a mile Major Moulton, who had been much fatigued by the exposure of the night before, dropped dead all in an instant.

"I took from his body the paper and map and the key of the portmanteau, also his revolver and other things and a little over a thousand dollars in gold and greenbacks. I admit that had I been able to read the paper I might have gone back and secured the money for myself, but I was never taught to read, and as I was horribly afraid of being captured by the United States



authorities and of going to a Yankee prison, I pushed on and reached Portsmouth after a time.

"Here, without saying a word to any one, I took the train to Boston.

"It was my intention then to go to Halifax and deliver the paper and the key, for I would not think of trusting a Yankee to help me recover the portmanteau.

"Reaching Boston and not being able to get a ship for Halifax, I went to a sailors' boarding house, No. — North street. It was a very tough place, and I began drinking and spending money. I kept under the influence of liquor for over two months and it was this which has brought me to my death.

"Before they brought me to this hospital I pried up one of the boards of the floor of my room and hid the paper and the key underneath.

"My room was the top floor back, and there I believe what I hid to be now.

"John Marsh. His X Mark."

Having finished reading the long affidavit Old King Brady tossed it over to Harry, who proceeded to examine it, Alice looking over his shoulder.

"And now, Mr. Tanner," he said, "are we expected to find this million which has been lost in the meadows for these forty years?"

"That is the idea," was the reply. "The Chief of the Secret Service Bureau informed me that you would undertake the case, and I am under orders to help you in any way which lies in my power."

"Rather a tough commission."

"Decidedly. To me the matter seems hopeless, but I can only obey orders."

"And we are in the same boat."

"You will take hold, then?"

"Oh, certainly. We shall do the best we can; but what certainty is there that this million was not found long ago?"

"None whatever."

"What do the naval authorities say?"

"The matter was put up to them first. There is no record of the case to be discovered. Everybody named in the documents is dead."

"Even to this firm of Brightstone & Carver, of Halifax?"

"The firm is out of existence, both partners having been dead many years."

"Has any search been made in the house on North street?"

North street was renumbered long ago. Almost all the old sailors' boarding houses have been pulled down. The locality is now the heart of the business section."

"Very well, Mr. Tanner; we will take hold of this ghost of the past and see if we can galvanize some life into it," said the old detective; "but I must say I regard it as quite a hopeless case."

## CHAPTER II.

### TRYING TO LOCATE PAT FOLEY'S.

Having made the Bradys acquainted with the case and placed the letter and the affidavit in their hands, Commis-

sioner Tanner did not appear to have anything further to say.

In fact, he shortly excused himself under plea of another engagement and withdrew.

"Singular business, this," remarked Harry.

"Rather ancient," added Alice. "Here we are expected to solve a mystery which became a mystery before either of us was born."

"Oh, I did not refer to that," said Harry; "but why should this man Tanner appoint this place for a meeting and make so much mystery on his part?"

"There is no accounting for people's whims," said Old King Brady. "There seems no earthly reason why we should not have reported directly at his office. However, it makes no difference. As for the case, we might possibly win out. We have done so in ones even more hopeless."

"Always providing the million is still in the meadows," replied Harry.

"Of course. If the money has been found, then we can't find it. But let us think about work."

"The first thing, of course, is to locate this house on North street, if it is still in existence."

"Exactly, and let me tell you that there is not one chance in a thousand that such is the fact. That whole section of Boston has been changed. Streets have been cut through and nearly all the old buildings demolished. When I first went into the detective business there was no tougher section anywhere than this same North street. Many a poor sailor was lured to his death there. I recall no section in New York which was as bad."

"I suppose we can do nothing to-night?"

"No. It would be useless to attempt anything. The main point is to see if we can locate the house. The Public Library ought to make that easy. If they have an old insurance map of Boston dating back into the '60s it will be easy, but I am not certain that the modern insurance maps which contain a diagram of every building in all our great cities date back that far. But even if we fail in that, the case is not hopeless by any means. We may find some old resident who can help us out."

The Bradys then returned to the hotel.

Next morning they divided forces.

Harry and Alice, now in the dress proper to her sex, started for the Public Library, Boston's pride.

Old King Brady visited the Massachusetts General Hospital, where the man Marsh had died.

The old detective had little hope of the success of his partners and was for trying a little scheme of his own.

Reaching the hospital he sought the superintendent and made himself known.

"Have you records covering the year 1865?" the old detective asked.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Further back. What is it that you want to get at?"

"I am working on a case where full information relative to one John Marsh, who died here on July 9, 1865, is necessary to my success. I should much like to see the record."

"It is at your service. Do you happen to know who the attending physician was? We have a peculiar sys-



tem of indexing here. It would greatly help us to know."

"A Doctor Case."

"John H. Case?"

"Yes."

"He died about twelve years ago at an advanced age. I knew the old gentleman very well. He was reckoned a skillful man in his day, but he fought every improvement. Let me see what I can do."

The superintendent went into another room and after a while came back with a record book bound in black cloth.

"This covers the last half of the year 1865," he said; "now let us see what we can find."

He worked over the book for several minutes, turning to one place and then another.

Old King Brady was ready to admit that his system of indexing must be indeed peculiar before the desired page was at last reached.

"Here it is," said the superintendent. "John Marsh. Native of Wilmington, North Carolina; acute alcoholism; brought in from a boarding house on North street; attended by Dr. Case; died on the 9th; buried in Potters' Field. Is that what you want to know?"

"What I particularly want to know is the name of the keeper of the sailors' boarding house on North street from which the man was taken."

"It is here. Patrick Foley."

"Good! Just what I wanted to get at. Many thanks."

"It starts well," Old King Brady said to himself when he reached the street. "There is a fighting chance that some one may still be living down there who remembers Paddy Foley, while to locate his house by number might not be so easy. Let us see."

And Old King Brady started for North street.

He traveled up and down along the big brick warehouses thinking of the street as it used to be in the days of the Civil War and pondering on the many changes which had come to Boston in common with other cities.

Here and there stood the low buildings which had been sailors' boarding houses in the past.

Old King Brady noticed one house, which was a mere wreck, and had the doors and windows boarded up, with bills pasted across the front.

Adjoining this building was another old house.

On the lower floor was a ship chandler's place, which apparently had been there for many years.

Old King Brady went in and tackled an elderly man who was coiling up rope in a rear room.

"My friend," he said, "I am a detective. I am looking up some old matters for the United States Government. Can you tell me where one Pat Foley kept a sailors' boarding house on North street in 1865?"

The chandler shook his head.

"That was before my time here," he replied. "I started this place in the spring of '72. I know nothing of the neighborhood previous to that."

"And there was no Pat Foley around here then?"

"Not that I ever heard of. Of course, I did not get acquainted all at once. There may have been such a person."

"I positively know that there was. Now tell me, is

there no one living about here whose memory runs further back than yours. Of course, it would have to be a man who was in the way of knowing sailors' boarding houses."

The chandler thought for a minute.

"I can't think of any one who absolutely fills the bill," he said; "but there is an old fellow down on Atlantic avenue near T Wharf, who has been in the junk business since the year one. I sometimes buy of him. He might be your man."

"His name?"

"Oddly enough, it is Tom Foley."

"Possibly a relative of Pat."

"Might be. Can't say. It would do no harm to see him. He is the only person I think of who would be likely to give you any help."

So Old King Brady started for Atlantic avenue.

He had no difficulty in finding the cellar in which Foley carried on his business.

The old man was there alone, and as Old King Brady tackled him with an Irish brogue, they were friendly at once.

"Sure; I remember him well," he said. "Him and me were no relation, nor would I want to claim him. Oh, he was a bad one, I tell you. Many a poor feller was knocked over the head in his place and that for a few dollars only, but that was de way dem times. What did you want to see him for? He's dead long ago."

"It's a question of property," said Old King Brady. "Of course, I know he must be dead. I want to locate the lot on which his house stood. Infant heirs; flaw in the title—see?"

Of course, the old junkman didn't see, but he thought he did, which was just the same.

"Well, it's meself who can tell you just where he lived," he said, "and the house is there still. It's a ship chandler's now, and Sandy McCormick is the man who kapes it, so he is."

"Why, he's the very man who sent me to you!" exclaimed the old detective.

"He is, hey! Well, den, he's de wan what lives in de house wheré Pat Foley kept in '65."

Old King Brady tipped the junkman a couple of dollars and went away.

He returned to the chandler's, but did not go into the place.

On the door of the entrance to the upper floors was a to-let bill.

It carried the name of a certain real estate agent on State street, and Old King Brady went there.

The agent was not in, but a young man representing him received the old detective civilly.

Old King Brady showed his shield and briefly stated his business.

"I am a Secret Service man," he said. "The Government has received knowledge that many years ago certain official papers stolen by a sailor were hidden under the floor of No. — North street, in the upper rear room. I want to raise the floor and see if they can be found. I see you are in charge of the house."

"You will have to see the agent," said the young man.



"I don't know anything about it and can't take any responsibility."

"Let him meet me there at three o'clock, or send you. I will be on hand with a carpenter ready to do the work. You can telephone the Secret Service office in the meantime and make sure that I am all right."

The young man was doubtful.

Old King Brady grew peremptory.

"This is Government business," he said. "If you are not willing to help us, we will do it without your help. And it may make you some trouble—see?"

He then withdrew and having arranged with a carpenter to be on hand at the ship chandler's at three, he went back to Young's Hotel.

He found his partners already there.

"I have not accomplished anything," Harry announced. "The librarian thinks we should apply at the tax office. He says we will find the records there."

"I fancy I have already located the house," said Old King Brady, and he told what he had done.

"Can you trust the old fellow's memory," questioned Harry.

"There's the rub. I don't know whether we can or not. However, it is worth the attempt."

Harry was decidedly skeptical, but of course Old King Brady was bound to have his way.

At a little before three o'clock the Bradys and Alice turned up on North street.

The carpenter, who was to meet them in front of the boarded-up house next door, had not yet arrived.

It had been decided to go ahead with the work whether the agent turned up or not, leaving Secret Service Commissioner Tanner to fight the matter out with the man later on.

"I wonder what's the matter with this property?" remarked Alice, looking up at the closed house.

"Give it up," replied Old King Brady.

"Why, look here, Governor," said Harry; "here is a Yeggman's work, sure."

Upon the door of the house, right in the middle of one of the panels, were three tiny stars.

They had been done with a stick of black crayon, or India ink, and were put together in the form of a triangle.

As is well known, Yeggmen have private marks, which they put on doors, fences and the like, the true meaning of which is only understood by their fellow Yeggmen.

It had come in Harry's way to study many of these marks, as Old King Brady very well knew.

"Why, it does look like a Yegg's mark," he said; "that's a fact."

"It most certainly does. I could swear to it. This house is a hold-out for Yeggs, sure."

"They never use that door, then."

"There may be an entrance in the rear."

Just then the carpenter came along and the matter was dropped.

Before they had time to say a word, a fussy little man came hustling up and announced himself to be the agent for the property.

He was civil enough, and after Old King Brady had explained, he made no objection to the floor being raised,

providing it entailed no expense on the owners and everything could be restored at once.

Old King Brady explained that they had no intention of raising the entire floor; that his theory was that the papers had been hidden in some corner, where the boards were loose or where a piece had been sawed out.

After some further talk they went upstairs and astonished the tenant by their work.

This it is not necessary to describe in detail.

Enough to say that after working all the afternoon the Bradys gave it up and acknowledged a defeat.

They had looked under the floor in both rear rooms.

To be sure, they had not extended their investigations under the entire floor, but every likely spot had been covered.

The result was failure.

No trace of the Marsh papers was found.

### CHAPTER III.

#### SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

That evening after supper, while Old King Brady and Harry sat smoking in the old detective's room, the former suddenly gave his knee a resounding slap.

"Hello! What's struck you now?" demanded Harry.

"The closed house on North street."

"Well?"

"Let's you and I go down and see if we can't get in there. Old Foley's memory may have deceived him. Seeing that another one of the old row still stands, and that only next door, it is worth a try."

Alice had gone to visit a lady whose acquaintance she had made some time before.

Harry was just as well satisfied not to have her accompany them upon what was sure to prove a disagreeable job.

The truth is, Young King Brady has fallen deeply in love with his accomplished female partner and naturally likes to spare her when it comes to the rough side of detective work.

So the Bradys strolled down to North street.

The old detective carried with him a tool something of the order of a burglar's sectional jimmy, an invention of his own.

This he uses with good results for opening doors, raising floors and the like, and the tool is so compact that it can be carried in the pocket.

Reaching the closed-up house the detectives paused for a look.

There was nobody about and very probably they might have forced an entrance without attracting attention, but the old detective would not have it so.

"Let's lay around in the rear and see what we can discover there," he said. "I don't care to make a demonstration unless I have to."

They passed on to the next corner.

Here they found that a blind alley ran in behind that part of North street.

Following this they discovered that immediately in



the rear of the closed-up house was a yard used for the storage of packing boxes.

"Hello!" said Harry. "This bears out my Yeggman theory. Tramps sleeping in the back yard—the old story. The three black stars probably mean get around behind this house and you will find a bed."

"Possibly," replied the old detective.

But to tell the truth he did not take much interest in his partner's theory.

It seemed to him quite as likely that the three black stars were the work of boys as of Yeggs.

Getting out their electric flash lights the detectives made their way among the boxes.

They soon found that the rear fence behind the closed house had been taken away, and that the yard was filled with boxes, which were piled right up against the house.

"I'll bet you what you like there's a hole behind one of these boxes leading through the back door," said Harry. "Here, Governor, give me the light till I see."

Harry went prowling about among the boxes while Old King Brady waited.

"Here you are!" called the former suddenly reappearing from behind a tier of boxes. "You just follow me."

He led Old King Brady in among the boxes, told him to stoop and they crawled through a bottomless box which stood on end and then through a dark hole, finding themselves in the back hall of the closed-up house.

"Well, Harry, you were right," said the old detective. "Sure enough, we have found the way open. This is dead easy."

"For Yeggs. A first-rate winter hold-out. I wonder who this property belongs to and how it came to be left this way."

"It is in litigation, the agent next door told me. It has been tied up in the courts for years."

"So? Well, let us get up stairs."

They climbed to the top of the house, finding the place a mere wreck.

But before starting Old King Brady looked into the different rooms to make sure that they were alone.

There was evidence enough of Yeggmen, but no one appeared to be around just then.

Reaching the top floor they made a hasty examination front and rear.

"We have the place to ourselves," said Old King Brady. "I give up, Harry. I am willing to admit that this house is a hold-out for Yeggs."

"Sure, it is."

"But worse have been in it than they, and don't you forget it. If these walls could talk they would have strange stories to tell. But now to prove my theory. Fortunately, we are not likely to attract attention by our light."

This was certainly so, for the windows overlooked the dead wall of a warehouse and the windows in front, it will be remembered, were all boarded up.

There were two rooms in the rear, one large and the other small.

"Chances are," said Old King Brady, "that John Marsh occupied this little room alone. Had it been otherwise, he would hardly have had the opportunity to

hide the papers for he would probably have had a roommate."

"That's all right for a theory, Governor, but I can propound another just as good to make it the other way."

"What is that?"

"That a man of Marsh's kind, having fifteen hundred dollars to spend, would be likely to engage the larger room and occupy it alone."

"Possibly. One theory is as good as another. Hold the light down here by the baseboard and we will have a look."

Harry obeyed while Old King Brady got down on his hands and knees and began peering about.

They were in the larger room at the time.

Old King Brady, starting at the chimney, pursued his investigations to the hall partition and then arose.

"It should be right there, if anywhere," he said, pointing to the space between the rear wall and the chimney breast.

"What makes you think so?" demanded Harry.

"That board has been sawed in the middle with a key-hole saw. See where the hole was bored so as to admit the saw? Right there close to the baseboard?"

"I see. It is as you say. Going to tackle it?"

"Yes, right now."

Old King Brady got out his jimmy and screwed it together.

Inserting the point in the crack he drove it home by means of a sliding weight arrangement at the end and gave a quick pry.

The board came up very readily.

Harry flashed the light down between the beams.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed.

A little packet covered with dust was in the hole.

So intent were the Bradys at their work that they failed to hear a light step in the hall.

Just at this instant a face was pushed around the door jamb.

It was the face of a young man with a fiery red head and a week's growth of stubby beard.

He eyed the detectives with a look of intense curiosity and then pulled back out of sight.

Wholly unsuspecting of his presence, the Bradys continued to work and talk.

"There is something there at all events," remarked Old King Brady. "but whether or not it is the clew to the million lost in the meadows remains to be seen."

How much trouble these carelessly uttered words were destined to cause the Bradys also remains to be seen.

The old detective thrust his hand down into the opening and pulled out the little packet.

Blowing the dust off of it he saw that it was wrapped in oiled silk, such as was in common use forty years ago, when the rubber trade was in its infancy.

"There's a key inside here, all right, Harry," he said. "I can feel it."

"Good! Great Scott, Governor! That idea of yours was immense. We seem to have hit it first go off."

"Yes, but it don't follow by any means that the million Moses Moulton hid in the meadows below Portsmouth in 1865 is there still."



"Open up and see what's inside there. I am dying to know."

Old King Brady cut the string and unwound the oiled silk.

"Yes, it's the real thing," he said. "Here is the map and this is the paper and here you see we have the key. For forty years the packet has lain unsuspected under this floor."

"The clew to a million."

"Perhaps. Hold the light. I will read the thing aloud. Here, you take the map and the key."

Harry did so and directing the light on the paper, Old King Brady read as follows:

"The point on the meadows where I buried the portmanteau is one hundred paces as due south of the west wall of the old mill, as nearly as I could make out. And then with an abrupt turn fifty paces to the west. I am a man five feet ten in height and wear a number eight shoe, which will give an idea of the length of my paces.

"Here I pulled up a big clump of meadow grass and kicked a hole with my foot and scooped out the mud with my hands, making a hole deep enough to receive the portmanteau, which I placed in the hole, banking in the mud around it and restoring the sod.

"Of course, I have no means of knowing whether the water flows over this land at times of very high tide, but I hardly think so.

"The soil was a thick, black mud, as far as I found it. One can walk over it easily and remain dry shod.

"The contents of the portmanteau are two hundred thousand dollars in United States greenbacks, and a hundred and sixty thousand pounds in Bank of England notes.

"This money is the property of the Confederate States of America. It is known as Fund B, and is to be held in trust as per instructions.

"The bearer will tell of a wreck and of the fearful strain under which I have been placed.

"If this paper is ever delivered to Brightstone & Carver, Halifax, Nova Scotia, they may know that my efforts to save their treasure have cost me my life.

"As a further means of identifying the spot where I hid the portmanteau I will say that two feet due west of the hole I drove my ebony sword cane down into the mud, about three-quarters of its length.

"It may sink deeper, and if so can afford no clew.

"I have done my best and I sincerely trust that no time may be lost in searching for the treasure.

"Moses Moulton."

"Straight as a string," cried Harry. "This ought to be plain sailing."

"If the landmarks remain, yes," replied the old detective, but that is doubtful. If the old tide mill was in ruins then, as Marsh describes it, what hope can we have of finding even a trace of it now?"

"Well, I propose to hope then. But is there anything else in the hole here?"

Harry dropped on his knees and flashed the lantern between the beams.

"What the mischief!" he suddenly heard the old detective exclaim, and then he ran out into the hall.

Harry scrambled up, whipped out his revolver, and started after him.

But at the same instant he heard Old King Brady exclaim:

"Oh! Oh!"

Following quickly upon this was the noise of a heavy fall.

Dashing through the door Harry found his chief stretched upon the floor.

Footsteps could be heard—some one was running down stairs.

"The paper! He got it!" gasped the old detective. "Follow!"

"Halt there, or you are a dead one!" shouted Harry, as he flew down the stairs.

He reached the lower floor just in time to get a glimpse of the red-headed one, who for an instant turned and looked back at him.

But Harry was still on the stairs.

He again ordered a halt and was about to enforce the order with a shot, when suddenly the electric light failed.

The battery was exhausted.

The last Harry saw of the red-headed one he was crawling through the panel of the back door, which, having been broken away, left the hole by means of which the Bradys had entered.

Harry groped on through the darkness, determined not to give up.

Suddenly he heard a crash outside.

It was easy to guess what had happened.

The red-headed one had tumbled over the boxes and the way was blocked.

And so it proved.

For Young King Brady there was nothing but to return to his chief.

To his immense relief he found Old King Brady up and leaning against the wall.

"Get him?" he gasped.

"No; the light went back on me. He tumbled over the boxes and so headed me off."

"So? Well, this is one on me, Harry. That fellow got the paper. We are left."

## CHAPTER IV.

### OFF FOR THE MEADOWS.

Seeing how deeply chagrined Old King Brady felt, Harry made light of the great misfortune which had struck them.

"Oh, pshaw! What's the odds, Governor?" he said. "I remember the measurements, and after all we have the map; probably they are repeated on that. But what about yourself? How did the fellow get you? Are you hurt at all?"

"One question at a time, Harry, please. I fancy I am more hurt in my feelings than anything else. To think that I should let a little red-headed mut like that



get the best of me! Why, he drove his fist in my face almost before I had time to see him. I am getting too old for the detective business. The sooner I resign the better."

"Nonsense! Why do you talk that way? Accidents are liable to strike any of us. He snatched the paper out of your hand, I suppose?"

"Yes. He must have been listening to us all the while. Now we shall have a bunch of Yeggmen to deal with, for no doubt that is what the fellow was."

"I dare say. But never mind. We have always been equal to Yeggs in the past, so I guess we can manage this bunch. Let me have your lantern. I want to see how badly you are hurt."

"Watch sharp, Harry. Others may be here."

"Nonsense! They would have shown themselves by this time. By Jove! He has given you a most beautiful black eye!"

"Ha! The right one?"

"Yes."

"What an infernal nuisance!"

"But how did it begin? What did you hear?"

"Just the least bit of a stir in the hall. Like a fool, I jumped out to see what it meant."

"There, there! Don't bother. There used to be a fellow down in Dover street who paints black eyes. We had best get there in a hurry and let him treat yours. Anyway, we can congratulate ourselves upon our success."

"You are letting me down easy, Harry. Just the same, I have been a fool."

"Don't say it again. Now to get out of this if we can."

"We must. Was there anything else in that hole between the beams?"

"Not a thing."

"You have the map and the key all right?"

"Yes. Want to see the map?"

"Not now. We will look into it when we are safe out of here. Come."

They went down stairs and Harry crawled through the panel.

He was back in a minute.

"By Jove! We can do nothing there," he said. "The Yegg has pulled down that entire pile of boxes; everything is blocked."

"We will try one of the windows in front. With my jimmy I guess you can knock off those boards."

And this Harry finally succeeded in doing, though not without considerable trouble.

Old King Brady climbed out and when Harry followed it was to find his partner in further trouble.

He was in the clutches of a policeman.

The old detective was so rattled that he hardly knew enough to show his shield.

"Hold on there, boss!" cried Harry. "We are detectives. Go slow!"

"I am Old King Brady, officer," gasped the old detective. "Look here."

He then showed his shield. Harry doing the same.

"Oh, dat's all right," said the policeman; "but how

was I to know? What happened yer? Some one seems ter have paisted yer eye in fine style."

"We were looking into that house to find a certain Yeggman," said Harry.

"Be the powers, an' I t'ink you must have found him, then."

"That's what we did. He caught Mr. Brady foul and then escaped through the back yard."

"So? Sure, the back yard is full of them—but I never knowed them to go into the house."

"It is just possible that the fellow was caught under the boxes," said Harry, after explaining how the Yegg had tumbled them over. "Suppose we go around in the alley and see?"

The policeman was willing, and into the alley they went.

The boxes were scattered about in every direction.

But the Bradys could see from the way they lay that it was impossible that any one could be under them.

Again Old King Brady tackled the officer, fixing up a nice little story to suit the occasion.

"The fellow was short and had a blazing red head," he added. "If you can, arrest him. You will find yourself fifty dollars to the good."

The policeman promised to keep on the lookout and the Bradys left him.

"Does your eye hurt you, Governor?" demanded Harry.

"Drop it!" snapped the old detective. "Not another word."

They caught a cab on Washington street and drove to a house on Dover street, near Harrison avenue.

Here they called upon the eye artist, who treated Old King Brady's bruised optic with so much skill that the pain was at once allayed, but he refused to paint it until the following day.

"It is now or never, my friend," said the old detective. "I can't come here to-morrow."

But the eye artist still refused, so they went back to the hotel, where Alice was duly horrified when she saw Old King Brady's plight.

"No more," said the old detective, cutting her short. "I've got a black eye, that's all. Better men than yours truly have been so blest. Now for the map, Harry."

Harry produced the paper and spread it out.

To their great satisfaction the map, crude though it was, contained the measurements.

"So by losing the paper we have actually lost nothing," said the old detective; "but the Yeggs have found something and they may use it."

"If they are Yeggs. That fellow may be traveling alone."

"If he is a Yegg he is not; they never do. Remember the three black stars."

"Which you now believe in."

"I consider it highly probable that they are a Yegg's mark. But be that as it may, we are booked for the Portsmouth meadows in the morning. Look up the timetable, Harry. We want to go by the first train."

And as the first train left at six o'clock, the Bradys had to hustle in order to make it, but this they did."

Old King Brady was a sight, and as he refused to put anything over his eye, it made it worse.



Arriving at Portsmouth they knew what a contract they had undertaken, for before entering that city the train ran through the meadows for several miles.

They called a cab and drove to the principal hotel.

"Now to charter a tug or a sailboat or something," said Old King Brady. "We have to approach our job by water. That's clear enough."

"Let it be a sailboat, then, which I can manage," said Harry. "I don't suppose we want any one with us."

"We certainly do not. A sailboat let it be."

So Alice and Harry went out together and soon found a sailboat, which in every way filled the bill.

The owner was willing to let it out for an indefinite cruise, providing Harry deposited \$25, which he did.

He and Alice then hustled about and laid in a supply of provisions good for three days, which they arranged to have delivered at the sailboat.

They then returned to the hotel.

"Well?" demanded the old detective.

"Everything will be ready in an hour," replied Harry.

"Then in an hour we start. I shall not rest quiet till I am aboard the boat and out of sight of everybody."

The start was made a little after the appointed time.

The Bradys boarded the boat at Baker's wharf and Harry stood out into the harbor.

No inquiries had been made about the meadows, for it seemed quite a hopeless case to do so.

The only way was to run down the low lying shore and study into the situation for themselves.

It was a beautiful September day, and the stretch of the ocean was seen at its best.

Natural beauty shoreward is not to be looked for at Portsmouth, but the ocean is all there.

Old King Brady retired to the little cabin to nurse his injured optic.

Harry was in the cockpit of course, and Alice undertook to manage the steering.

"Lovely!" she exclaimed, waving her hand seaward.

"I think so," replied Harry, fixing his eyes upon her.

"I never saw her looking more lovely."

"You refer to the ocean, of course. Where does the her come in?"

"Isn't the ocean female?"

"Not that ever I heard of."

"But we say 'mother earth,' why not 'mother sea'?"

"It won't do. You have blundered."

"Not at all. I meant just what I said."

"Then you did not refer to the ocean, I judge."

"Who said I did? When I said——"

"Oh, no matter what you said! By the way, what is the name of this craft? I did not happen to observe."

"But I did. Her name is the sweetest on earth."

"Indeed! Then I judge she must be called the sugar plum."

"Her name is the Alice M."

"Charming!"

"I think so."

"I wonder what the 'M.' stands for."

"It would be a coincidence indeed if it stood for Montgomery. I wondered that you did not say something about it before; but if you would only listen to me, I

would be willing to buy this boat for the express purpose of changing her name to the Alice B."

"Don't be silly, Harry. Our conversation, which started sensibly enough, is running into the ridiculous. I suppose those are our meadows off there?"

The wind was in their favor and they were rapidly drawing near the great stretch of salt meadows which lie below Portsmouth, extending south for miles.

"There they are," said Harry; "but where in all that long stretch we are to look for our million is a puzzle. Upon my word, now that I come to see the meadows, I begin to despair of success."

"Which is a good way to begin, certainly. Kindly let me see that map again."

"Don't let it go overboard, or we are done up for fair," replied Harry, producing the map.

"Thank you. I don't do business your way," retorted Alice. "What I get hold of I hold on to, that's all."

She studied the map in silence for some time.

"Did you observe this long point which he has marked curved up like a hook?" she asked at last.

"Not particularly; no."

"And yet it is the most marked feature of the map. Unless the sea has brought changes, it ought not to be difficult to identify it."

"Think not? Well, perhaps."

"If the map only stated the distance from Portsmouth."

"But it doesn't. Probably Major Moulton did not know."

"Likely not. How far should you say we had run in front of the meadows now?"

"About three miles."

"Well, I predict that two more will bring us where we want to go. Do you see that green point of land away down there which seems to project this way?"

"Now that you call my attention to it, yes."

"That's the point marked on the map. You'll see."

Harry was ready enough to believe it.

Indeed, he rarely disputes anything Alice says, and in justice to this keen female detective it must be admitted that she is usually right.

The boat, which, by the way, was named the Alice M., flew on, and in due time they found themselves off the green point.

And now the resemblance to the curved point indicated on the map became most marked.

"This is certainly the place. I think we better call the Governor," Young King Brady said.

So he ran into a salt creek, dropped anchor and the old detective was called, as it was arranged that he would be when anything was discovered which could be identified on the map.

"This appears to be the point shown on the map here," said Harry, "and Alice thinks so, too."

Old King Brady consulted the map.

"I should suppose that such might be the case," he remarked. "I should like to have a view of it further out, however."

"We will stand out to sea a little way," replied Harry.

The anchor was raised and by tacking Harry got the boat out about half a mile and held her directly opposite



the point, which now assumed exactly the same appearance shown on the map.

Old King Brady took a long look and then said:

"We certainly have scored a hit."

"I was sure of it from the first," said Alice.

"And now let me see," continued the old detective, consulting the map again; "the creek into which John Marsh pulled Major Moulton lies around the bend of the point, that is to the north. I should be inclined to say that in all probability it is the very creek where you were lying when you called me."

"I shouldn't wonder at all if you were right," replied Harry. "Suppose we go back there."

"Right. How is the tide?"

"It is about low water, I should say."

"Note that Major Moulton has carefully marked the sunken pile which knocked the bottom out of their boat."

"I see."

"Look out you don't run upon it yourself."

"Would it be likely to be there after all these years?"

"It might. We can't tell. I'll keep an eye out forward, so now go ahead."

And Harry tacked for the shore.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE BRADYS DISCOVER THE OLD TIDE MILL.

"Hello! Here it is!"

Old King Brady's cry bore a note of triumph.

"The pile?" demanded Alice.

"Yes, right ahead. Port your helm! Oh, this is the place, sure enough."

In a moment they were running past not only one sunken pile but several.

They were just below the surface of the water, inside the bend of the point, which indeed formed a snug little harbor for small craft.

"Doubtless away back in colonial times there was a settlement on this point," remarked Old King Brady. "The old Puritans built in all sorts of queer places. Perhaps long before Portsmouth was founded some one had an idea that a city might grow up here."

The piles were in a double row and thickly covered with barnacles.

Apparently they had supported a small wharf.

Carefully avoiding them, Harry ran further up the creek and dropped anchor at a point where the meadow seemed firm and they could walk about.

Here they went ashore and Alice prepared lunch.

This partaken of, they started to explore.

"There is no trace of the ruined farmhouse or the mill," remarked Old King Brady: "the forty years following that storm have seen them wiped out. All we can hope to discover are the foundations and those must be our guide."

"What about the Yeggmen?" asked Alice.

"We want to keep a sharp lookout," replied Harry.

"They'll meet with a warm reception if they show up," said Old King Brady. "It would give me particular

pleasure to run into that red-topped snoozer who pasted me in the eye. Let him come."

But nowhere among the tall, wavy grass of the meadows could a Yegg be seen.

Carefully taking their bearings the Bradys and Alice struck across the point, for the old tide mill and the house were marked on the other side.

Harry went ahead to beat a way among the grass for Alice's convenience.

As Old King Brady was disposed to move slowly and kept looking about he got considerably in advance.

All at once Alice, who had been listening to some remark of the old detective, exclaimed:

"Why, where is he?"

"Harry?"

"Yes."

"Why, sure enough! Where is the boy? What does this mean?"

At the same instant Harry suddenly rose up among the rank salt grass.

"Great Scott! I nearly broke my neck that time!" he exclaimed.

"What happened to you?" called the old detective.

"Fell into a hole, and do you know, I believe it's one of the foundations we are looking for."

"It can't hardly be anything else. Holes are not common on salt meadows unless somebody goes to the trouble of digging them. Stand as you are. It all looks alike here; we might easily lose it again."

They hurried to the place.

Meanwhile Harry had made a tour around his discovery.

"Yes, it is an old cellar all right," he announced.

And so it proved.

But whether it was the foundation of the old house or of some other it was, of course, impossible to tell.

The hole was so completely overgrown that Harry had walked directly into it.

"Assuming that it is the house, the tide mill should have stood about where that little ridge is," said the old detective.

"And just what is a tide mill?" Alice asked.

"Oh, it was an arrangement carrying an underslot water-wheel, which only ran on the ebb of the tide," replied Old King Brady.

"It was built out over the water then," added Harry.

"In that case I fear we may search in vain for any other trace of it than the piles upon which it stood."

But this was just what they failed to find.

The tide was out now, but no trace of a pile could they discover either above or below the line of the foundation.

"If the old major had only made his bearings from the house," said Harry.

"Or given the number of feet between house and mill," added the old detective.

The case seemed hopeless then.

And besides all this uncertainty was the thought that after all there might have been two old settlements on the meadows.

After a while Harry proposed that they take to the rowboat and following the line of the shore run up every salt creek they came to.



Alice, feeling tired, declared that she would rather remain on board the boat.

It was now late in the afternoon and the sun was getting low, so Old King Brady resolved to cut their exploring tour short.

They ran up several creeks and at last came to one where a post had been driven into the mud with a board nailed upon it.

It looked as if something had been painted upon the board originally, but whatever this may have been it was obliterated now.

Prowling about in shore here they suddenly ran across another old foundation.

This was puzzling.

"We have a larger job here than we thought for," said Old King Brady. "Evidently there were two settlements and there may have been two hooked points."

"The point right ahead of us would fill the bill very well," answered Harry. "If we could only find some trace of the tide mill I should be willing to accept this place just as quick as the other."

"There appears to be a well-defined road here," said Old King Brady, after pushing ahead a bit. "It leads shoreward. I should say that the farmers cut salt hay at this point."

"After all, it might be better to begin from the land end. We might find some old residenter who remembers the tide mill."

"That will be our next move in case we fail in this," replied Old King Brady. "We will get back to Alice now and in the morning we will make a more careful examination here."

The Bradys attempted nothing further that night.

Alice complained of a headache and retired to the little cabin early.

Harry and the old detective, alternating on the watch, passed the night under the stars with rubber pillows and blankets and the soft side of a plank for their bed.

When morning came Alice was feeling so poorly that Old King Brady declared she had best stop in bed for the morning at least.

Harry made her tea and toast and the yacht was anchored at a new point at the mouth of the creek, where it would be impossible for the Yeggs to board her unless they came in a boat or made a swim for it.

But they had seen no trace of the tramps, and feeling safe enough on that score, Old King Brady and Harry again pulled away in the row boat, carrying with them a couple of old shovels, which they had picked up at Portsmouth.

Old King Brady was feeling particularly cheerful.

Harry, worried about Alice, was in a less hopeful frame of mind.

"If she gets worse we must go back to Boston," he said. "This is a little too rough a trip for her, anyhow."

"Oh, she'll be all right," replied Old King Brady carelessly. "Don't fret about the girl."

"Where shall we strike for now, Governor?"

"Well, Harry, it is plain enough to me that in old times there were a number of people living on these meadows. Perhaps the land was firmer then; as you well know, the Atlantic coast of America is forever changing.

Again, take these two hooked points of land. One is almost a duplicate of the other. My idea is to explore the second point thoroughly and see what we can find."

"Right. Whatever you say goes."

So Harry pulled for the point.

As they passed the mouth of the creek or inlet, where they had seen the post and the signboard, as Harry chose to call it, Old King Brady spied a man standing near the board regarding it intently.

"Can he be one of the Yeggs?" he exclaimed, as he called Harry's attention to the fellow.

But the board was quite a little distance up the creek, and it was impossible to see anything distinctly.

Old King Brady got out his glass, but by the time he had adjusted it to his eye the man had disappeared.

"Had we best investigate?" questioned Harry.

"Oh, I hardly think so," was the reply. "Probably he is only some fisherman or hunter. I see there are lots of ducks around here. The fellow may be simply after them."

"I am worried about Alice."

"Whoever heard of a tramp taking a bath? Believe me, no Yegg would ever swim out to the boat, and indeed I doubt if he could get around to the other point by land. If the fellow is a Yegg there isn't one chance in a thousand that he has a boat. But we will wait a few minutes, and see if he shows up again."

They waited nearly a quarter of an hour, but nothing was seen of the fellow around the signboard.

Just then at a point considerably further back on the meadows a shot was fired and a flock of ducks arose.

This settled the question in the mind of the old detective.

"It's some one out ducking," he said; "that's all."

Harry pulled on and they came inside the hook of the second point.

Here they began to make discoveries right from the start.

The first thing they ran into—and they almost did it in actual fact—was a big sunken pile the top of which was so decayed that it was pointed.

"This looks favorable," said Old King Brady. "Here we have one pile while at the other point there were several, and Major Moulton's statement only alludes to one."

"Shall we land here?"

"I should say so, decidedly."

Avoiding the pile Harry pulled ashore and they dragged the boat up on the grass.

They struck across the point and, coming to the broad cove which set in on the other side, made another discovery which was most encouraging.

It was the ruins of a small house.

The whole frame had collapsed and gone down into the cellar, the remains of the roof covering all.

Around the ruins the grass had grown so rank and tall that it was not until they were close upon the old wreck that the Bradys became aware of its existence.

They stood surveying it with intense interest.

"This looks like business!" Harry exclaimed.

"It does, indeed," replied the old detective. "This is much more likely to be the place than the other. But



to the shore. If we can locate the tide mill we are right in it."

Pushing on through the high grass they came upon the shore and to their surprise found a little stretch of beach, the first they had seen.

Beyond this was a sand spit which ran out for a considerable distance.

"There has been a natural channel here in times past," said Old King Brady. "It would seem to be just the place for a tide mill. I think we are getting decidedly warm."

"I'll follow this sand up, Governor, and you follow it down."

"Right," replied the old detective, and each shouldered a spade and started in opposite directions along the shore.

That morning the discoveries were destined to follow each other thick and fast.

Harry's joyful shout soon brought the old detective hurrying to his side.

"What now?" he called as he approached.

"I've got the tide mill, all right, Governor!"

"Good! We are right in it this morning, it seems."

Young King Brady was standing above some dark object which projected out of the sand.

"If that isn't a piece of an old water-wheel I don't know anything," he exclaimed as the old detective drew near.

"That is what it is," said Old King Brady. "The sand has banked in on top of it. Probably the wheel is entire. But let us get to work."

They shoveled sand vigorously for a few minutes and uncovered enough of the wheel to make sure.

It was indeed an ancient water-wheel lying partly on its side almost entirely buried in the sand.

The Bradys had discovered the old tide mill!

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BRADYS FIND THE MILLION

This second discovery settled all doubts.

That the Bradys had located the place where Major Moulton and the man Marsh made their landing there could be no question.

But valuable as the clew was, much still remained to be discovered before they could even hope to locate the lost million.

"The question now comes, is the wheel in its original position?" said Old King Brady. "Remember, it is not from the wheel we begin to measure but from the west wall of the mill, directly in the centre, according to the map."

"There is a decided ridge here," said Harry, pointing to a place where the sand lay banked up. Let us clear it away. It may be that some part of the mill has been buried there."

Old King Brady walked about a bit.

"This land is all much firmer than on the other point," he said. "This could hardly be called a meadow, in fact. Protected as it is by the sand spit, I doubt if the water

ever comes in much beyond here even at the highest tides."

"Likely so. Shall we dig?"

"Yes. It can do no harm."

It proved to be the whole thing.

Half an hour's vigorous work revealed a long sill roughly hewn which rested upon three posts driven deep into the ground, to which it was secured by wooden pegs.

This alone indicated its age.

"It is unquestionably the foundation of the old mill," declared Old King Brady, "and as it runs about north and south, it must have supported the west wall. We are making decided headway here."

They worked on until they had cleared the sill for its entire length and Old King Brady, measuring it, marked the middle with his knife.

"Solid oak," he said. "That is the way they built in America in the olden time."

"And now for the measurements," said Harry. "Upon my word, it begins to look like success."

"Don't raise your hopes too high," replied Old King Brady. "I will admit that I am encouraged, but that is all."

"Shall I do the pacing?"

"Yes; you are nearer Major Moulton's height than I am. Remember, a pace should mark about three of your feet. Begin now and I'll tread down the grass ahead of you."

Harry paced the hundred feet and then the fifty.

At the point where he ended Old King Brady cut down the grass and drove his spade into the ground.

"Pace it again," he said. "Let us make sure."

Harry did so, ending up at a point two feet short of where he came before.

"There you are," said the old detective. "Hard work to be accurate with slippery grass under your feet. But try it again."

This time Harry landed between the two points.

"It is as close as we shall get it," said Old King Brady; "beat the grass down all around here. This ground is good and firm. I don't despair of finding the sword cane."

"You speak as if you felt pretty certain that the money had never been dug up."

"I don't think there is one chance in a million that it ever was touched, Harry. In those old war times people were busy and all sorts of queer rumors were flying about. For some unexplained reason Dr. Case's letter was mislaid and there the matter dropped. That is the way it seems to me."

"With their big jack-knives the Bradys cut down the grass, clearing a space about six feet by six.

"Now somewhere in here should be the hiding place," said the old detective. "Up with the sod. It will be tough work, but we can do it. Pitch in."

They threw aside their coats and never ceased their efforts until the space was clear.

The ground proved to be a heavy, black loam carrying no water with it.

Whatever this part of the meadows may have been in Major Moulton's time, it certainly was not swamp land now.



Old King Brady leaned on his spade.

"No success so far," he said. "We must tackle it again. I shall not rest satisfied until we have dug this whole space down to the depth of a foot at least."

Soon they went at it again, and this time came the reward.

Suddenly Harry's spade struck some obstacle.

"Ha!" cried the old detective, "and what have you hit?"

"A snag of some sort. Seems to be a black stick driven in the ground. Looks as if it had been burned."

"It may be the cane. Probably the meadows have been burned over many times since Major Moulton's day. Uncover."

Harry dug away the mud around the stick.

The top had clearly been burned off.

Old King Brady scraped the wood with his knife and pronounced it ebony.

"Well, here we are," he said calmly. "It begins to look as if the million was ours, boy."

They dug on and at last Harry was able to pull the stick up.

It was a cane and had a rusted brass ferrule at the lower end.

And now the Bradys went to work with a will.

On which side of the hole the Major had driven his cane either the document failed to state or if it did so state, the detectives had forgotten it.

So Harry took one side and the old detective the other, and the end was success, for on Old King Brady's side the buried portmanteau was unearthed.

The leather covering was all rotted away.

The pine wood which formed the box was as soft as punk and, as all nails and glue had been destroyed by the dampness, the thing collapsed in the hands of the detectives, as they tried to pull it out of the ground.

But it had guarded its contents well.

Within they found a few articles of clothing and many bundles enclosed in oiled silk.

"We win!" cried Harry, mopping his forehead, for it had been warm work.

"Yeggs!" shouted Old King Brady.

"For heaven's sake, where?" cried Harry, clapping his hand to his hip pocket.

"Oh, I didn't say that I saw them. Let's have a look, for caution's sake."

"Oh, you gave me a jolt!"

They looked about them in every direction, but nowhere on the broad expanse of the meadows could they see a living thing save for a flock of coots, which went screaming over their heads.

Old King Brady picked up one of the packages and, unwinding the oiled silk, a bunch of \$100 greenbacks was disclosed.

They were of the first issue of United States paper money, and dated back to the time of the Civil War.

Harry examined a package, which proved to contain Bank of England notes.

"Is this stuff good for anything now, I wonder?" he exclaimed.

"Bank of England notes are as good as gold any time and all the time, unless other notes have been issued in

their place," replied the old detective; "as to that, of course, we cannot say."

"They do business in that way in the Bank of England?"

"Yes, if the numbers of the notes can be sworn to."

"And the greenbacks?"

"Are absolutely redeemable."

They opened other packages.

The majority contained Bank of England notes of large denominations.

The Bradys had found the million lost in the meadows.

They were in possession of the Confederate Fund B.

"Well, we seem to have made a go of it," said Old King Brady, "and now to get back to the boat."

They gathered up the packages and, having filled their pockets, carried the balance as best they could, abandoning the spades where they lay.

Reaching the boat the packages were stuffed into a locker in the bow and, Harry taking the oars, they started on their return trip.

Of course, the detectives were triumphant.

The case had been one of plain sailing from the start.

At this moment of triumph the Yeggmen were practically forgotten.

"The chances are your red-headed friend didn't have the price of his fare down here," remarked Harry. "If he started to walk, it will be a day or two yet before he turns up."

They pulled on and when they got outside the point Harry sighted the Alice M.

She lay where they had left her.

Old King Brady turned his glass upon her, but could see nothing of Alice.

Soon they came opposite the salt creek where the man had been seen.

Again Old King Brady got busy with his glass.

"Anybody around?" demanded Harry.

"Don't see any one," was the reply, "but look here, there are certainly marks on that sign board which were not there before."

"Can you be sure from this distance?"

"Yes, I am. Pull in closer."

"Hadn't we better let well enough alone, Governor? Remember, we have a big lot of money aboard."

"Pull ahead. If that red-headed rooster is hanging around I want to know it."

Old King Brady had been seized with one of his stubborn fits.

Knowing how useless it was to argue, Harry obeyed.

The old detective kept a sharp look-out ahead, but could see no one.

As they advanced up the salt creek, owing to its winding, instead of getting a better front view of the board he could not see its face at all.

This vexed him and he insisted upon Harry pulling close up to it.

And this Young King Brady did against his better judgment.

But after all, there seemed but little risk, for there was not a trace of any one around.

They were close upon the stake before Old King Brady got a view of the front of the board, and when he did so



there, drawn upon it with a charcoal crayon, apparently, were three black stars!

"The Yeggs!" cried Harry.

"Strange!" said Old King Brady. "This must have been done by that man we saw here facing the sign."

"Let's pull out of this, Governor."

"Nonsense! There is nobody here now."

"But what's the use? There are the stars. Whoever marked them on that door on North street probably did these. But what good will it do us to know any more?"

Now it certainly is a weak point in Old King Brady's make-up that the more he is opposed the more stubborn he gets.

"I'm going ashore to look into this business," he exclaimed.

And as the boat was close against the bank the old detective leaped over on the grass.

The instant he did so he had reason to regret his foolishness.

Four tough-looking men rose out of the high grass.

They were Yeggs beyond a doubt.

The surprise was complete.

Two of the Yeggmen tackled Old King Brady, who put up a stiff fight.

A third rose out of the rushes and covered Harry with a revolver. A fourth came running to the scene.

This man had a fiery red head.

He was the man who had laid out Old King Brady in the closed house on North street beyond a doubt.

And now Old King Brady paid the penalty of his obstinacy.

The Yeggs knocked the old detective down and jumped on him.

"Them's the Bradys! Them's the Bradys!" bawled Red. "Kill 'em! Kill 'em! Kill 'em!"

Harry was wild.

Unheeding the threats of the man who covered him, he whipped out his revolver and jumped in.

The fellow fired, but missed.

Old King Brady, having regained his feet and still struggling, Harry dared not fire.

Before he knew where he was at the fellow behind gave him a crack over the head with the butt of his revolver and he fell stunned.

When he came to his senses it was to find himself tied hand and foot with rope taken from his own boat.

Old King Brady, in the same situation, lay beside him. It was a complete knock-out.

The Bradys had been captured by the Yeggs.

## CHAPTER VII.

### RED MIKE

Old King Brady had been pretty severely handled and his face was all cut and bleeding.

As for his black eye, it certainly had not been improved.

The four Yeggs stood apart talking together in low tones.

"Harry! Speak, Harry, for heaven's sake!" called the old detective in a suppressed voice. "Tell me that you are alive."

"I'm all right, Governor. I got a crack on the head which knocked me silly. That's all. It's all right now. How is it with you?"

"Not so bad as I deserve. Harry, I ask your pardon, humbly, sincerely. I have acted like a fool."

"Say no more. I was afraid when I saw the three black stars."

"And I might have known. One of these wretches came here ahead of the others and scrawled them on the board to let his companions know that this was the meeting place. I might have known."

"Never mind. Have they found the money?"

"No; I have been watching. They have not even been aboard the boat. They haven't spoken a word to me as yet."

"They seemed to know us all right."

"Yes; trust Yeggs for catching on where there is a ghost of a chance. But hush, here they come."

The whole four advanced and lined up in front of the detectives.

"It's Red Mike's job," said one; "he'll do all the chin-chin, fellers."

"Aw, shut up, Twister! Who gave you de call ter speak?" retorted another.

"Dat's right. Give it to him, Buck," said still another, a mulatto; "he's too blame fresh."

"Cut it out, Coffee!" snarled Twister, or I'll land you one in de jaw. Whoever else does de talkin' it won't be de nigger, dat's one sure t'ing."

Red Mike put an end to the discussion.

"Gents all, hold your blamed jaws," he said, assuming an air of importance. "As Twister very truly remarks, dis is my job. Because I happened to sneak into de North street hold-out night afore last, I got next to what youse must admit is a blame big t'ing. I tipped youse off because I'm a square man an' wants to deal square wit de gang, but I didn't have to—see?"

"Dat's all right," replied Buck. "Go ahead, Mike. It's youse who seen 'em comin', too. You are de champion in dis hull business, so bust ahead!"

"Aw, make less noise wit yer mout'," growled Twister.

"Shut up!" said Mike. "Give a feller a show, will yer, you muts! Soy?"

Silence followed.

Red Mike, spreading his legs wide apart, folded his arms and stood over Old King Brady.

"Say, old man," he began, "dat was a good wan I give yer, wasn't it, now?"

Somewhat to Harry's surprise, Old King Brady undertook to jolly the Yeggs, but indeed there was probably nothing better that he could have done.

"Fine, me boy, fine," he said, dropping into his Irish accent, which he seldom or never does.

"So I tink. I was in dere all de while. I got next to yer patter an' I got de paper what yer went to so much trouble to find. Where I missed it was in not getting dat dere map wot de young feller had. Say, youse is ahead of me here; tell me true, did yer foind de million wot was lost in der medders yet?"



"Not yet. Sure, do you think I'd be fool enough to come in here and pay you a visit if I had been lucky that way?"

"Hardly tink so. 'Tisn't de repytacion Old King Brady's got; but soy, I want dat map. Hand it over or I'll plug you, see!"

"And if we give it up will you let me go?"

"Yair. I promise dat."

"Good! It's a bargain. To be honest with you, lad, we looked as long as we are going to. Some one else collared that million years ago."

"So, I say," put in Twister.

Buck and Coffee stood apart.

Harry, who was watching everything, saw them look at each other meaningly.

"This house is divided against itself," he thought. "Between their quarrels we may slip through."

"Hand the gentleman the map, Harry," said Old King Brady sarcastically.

"Yes. I wish I could," replied Harry. "The way he has me fixed he'll have to help himself."

"Where is it?" demanded Red Mike.

"In the inside pocket of my coat," replied Harry. "Here, on the left."

Red got down and managed to work his hand in under the cords.

He got the paper and looked at it upside down.

Evidently Red Mike's early education had been neglected.

"Aw, say, you blame guy, you can't read dat," laughed Buck.

"I've left me glasses in me office," chuckled Red. "Read it for me, Ryan, dat's a good feller."

He handed it over and Buck glanced over it.

"Let's have de other dockyment," he said. "I want to compare de two."

Red without hesitation handed over the stolen paper. Buck calmly pocketed both.

"Aw, soy, wot's de matter wit you, yer mut!" cried Red.

"Dis!" retorted Buck.

Quick as lightning he jumped on Red and laid the Yegg on his back with a crushing blow.

At the same instant the mulatto Coffee flung himself upon Twister.

There was a brief struggle which ended in the fall of Twister.

The victors made a rush for the boat, jumped in and pushed off.

Red and Twister were up on the instant.

It was no Sunday-school talk which they gave out.

Buck did not heed them.

He seized an oar and pushed off, Coffee dropping in the stern seat.

"Dat's de time we fixed yer, Irish!" he shouted, shaking his fist at Red.

He had better minded his own affairs.

Suddenly Buck wheeled around and brought the oar down over his head with crushing force.

With a yell the mulatto jumped to his feet, whipped out a knife and made a rush for Buck, who struck him again.

The blow was a crusher.

Likely it fractured the fellow's skull, but at the same instant Coffee buried the knife in the Irishman's heart.

With a despairing cry Buck went over backward out of the boat and the water closed over him.

Coffee dropped in a heap in the bow.

He did not rise, and the boat floated down the creek, the tide, which had been high, now being on the turn.

"Hully chee!" gasped Twister. "Two out!"

"Serve 'em both right, blame 'em!" shouted Red, and he began to peel.

"But we've lost both de map and de paper now!" cried Twister.

"Nixy! I'll get 'em, but we want de boat first," shouted Red.

He had already kicked off his shoes and dropped his trousers.

Now he peeled off his shirt and stood on the shore.

Here was one Yeggman who was not afraid of the water at all events.

Red took a flying dive, swam for the boat and got it.

"Is de nigger dead?" yelled Twister, running along the shore. "Kill him for me if he isn't! Kill him, Red!"

"Great Scott, Governor! Here's an amazing turn of affairs," said Harry.

"Nothing amazing about it," replied Old King Brady. "It's all as plain as day."

"Well, how do you figure it out?"

"This way. After Red got the paper he went to some hold-out of his friends and got this man Buck to read it for him. These others were present, so on the spur of the moment they were admitted into a secret which neither one would have ever dreamed of communicating to the other if he had stopped to think. Having done this, one came ahead to locate the meadows. The others followed, arriving just before we came along. Thus they have met for the first time since they made their arrangements. Buck determined to run the business alone, persuades Coffee to join him in an attack on Twister and Mike and then, when they win out at that game, he turns on his pal and tries to kill him after the usual treacherous style of his kind."

"By Jove, you are right! And we fall between both parties. If only they don't open that locker!"

"But they will, Harry, and it's all my fault."

"There! Don't say another word about it. Where's the use?"

"None, now, I suppose. There! He has got the boat." Red was just climbing in.

He went to the stern and examined Coffee.

"Is he dead?" called Twister from the bank. "Say, is he dead?"

"I tink he is," replied Mike, "but it don't make no odds whether he is or not. Here goes."

He caught the mulatto by the heels and tumbled him into the water.

The Yegg sank without uttering a sound.

"Come on in!" cried Twister. "We better serve de Bradys de same way."

"Not yet," replied Red coolly. "Mebbe dey know more dandey let on. Let's see foist what dey got in dis boat."

"That settles us," groaned Old King Brady. "My folly has borne its just fruits."



Red opened the locker.

He immediately shut it again.

"Anyt'ing dere?" demanded Twister.

"Not a blame t'ing," replied Red coolly. "I guess de old guy told de truth when he said he couldn't find de stuff."

He took up the oars and pulled ashore, landing at the sign of the three black stars.

"Much obliged for yer boat, gents!" he called.

There was a ring of triumph in his tone which Twister failed to observe.

"What's to be did?" he demanded. "Do we do dese muts now?"

"No," replied Red; "I never does up no man what brings me good luck, an' dat's wot Old King Brady's done."

"What yer mean? Where's de good luck come in?"

"Well, hain't he brung me a boat? Wot's de matter wit yer? Hain't he been de means of gettin' rid of dem two muts? Soy, Twister, if we do have de luck to find de million wot was lost in de meadows dere'll only be you an' me to divide."

"Dat's so, too," replied Twister.

He was a stupid-looking fellow with a beer-bloated face and watery eyes.

Red, on the other hand, had a face like a fox and as bad an eye as the Bradys had ever seen.

Neither of the Bradys failed to observe all this, and it was a relief to hear what he said.

"Den wot?" demanded Twister.

"Come, get in. Trow in me clothes. Dere's a sailboat over beyond here, like I told you. I believe it belongs to de Bradys. I'm goin' to see."

"Why don't you ask dem?"

"Aw, go chase yerself. I'm done talkin'. Come on."

Twister got into the boat and Red pulled away.

"But what about dem papers?" the detective heard Twister ask. "You can dive. Why don't you go down an' see if you can't get 'em off of Buck?"

"Aw, gwan. I remember every woid of de letter," retorted Red; "as for de map, I don't believe it amounts to nothin', anyhow."

And so he pulled away all naked as he had entered the boat.

Poor Harry's heart sank.

What of Alice?

It made him sick to think of these two wretches invading the yacht.

Old King Brady divined his thoughts.

"Brace up, Harry," he said. "Take it easy."

"Governor, it is simply dreadful!"

"Oh, I know! But don't you care. Alice will be good for them every time."

"She can't stand up against that fellow. He saw the money packets. He means to murder his pal just as sure as we are lying here."

"Of that I must say that I haven't the least doubt; but cheer up and let us see what we can do to remedy this mess. The first thing is to get free."

"That's easy."

"I fancy I can use my teeth to some advantage if you will kindly roll over on your back."

"That disagreeable job is mine, Governor, so roll over yourself. This is the time I propose to be obeyed."

Harry worked over the old detective's arm cords for some time.

The rope was new and strong, but on the other hand Harry had had practice at this sort of thing before and he at last succeeded in so weakening the cords that Old King Brady with a quick movement of his arms was able to break them.

The rest was easy, for although the detectives had each lost a revolver and a knife apiece they had spare ones in their secret pockets.

In a few minutes they stood free.

But little good it did them so far as Alice was concerned.

To begin with they were on the wrong side of the wide salt creek, and Old King Brady cannot swim a stroke.

Even if they had crossed it, that part of the meadows lying on the other side was a mere swamp.

"We will walk as far as we can along the bank of this creek, Harry," said Old King Brady quietly. "Perhaps out at the end here we may be able to get a sight of the boat."

They pushed in among the rushes.

The ground was soft and the salt ooze came up around their feet.

Still at no place was it impassable.

At last they reached the end of the point and could look off on the water.

They could see the mast of the Alice M. towering above the high grass in the distance.

Away outside, just rounding the first hooked point, was the rowboat.

"By gracious, there's only one in it!" cried Harry.

"Then you can just bet it's Red," said Old King Brady. "He has done for Twister probably."

"Did he get your glass, Governor?"

"No. For some reason he passed it by."

"Have a look."

Old King Brady got out his glass and focussed it.

"Yes, it is Red and he has dressed himself," he announced.

"And Twister?"

"I can see nothing of him."

"He has met the fate of his fellow Yeggs."

"Undoubtedly Red has done for him. Buck started the business and this is the result. Of the four Yeggmen but one remains."

"So it would seem. I wonder if they constitute the whole of the gang of the three black stars?"

"Hard to tell. There he goes."

"I see! Poor Alice! May heaven guard her. I cannot help her now."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ALICE FINDS HERSELF UP AGAINST RED MIKE.

Alice's situation was indeed a serious one.

Red Mike was a desperate wretch, an ex-convict, a man



who, although under thirty, had a long criminal record behind him.

He saw the oil silk packages in the locker and instantly divined what they were.

From that minute Twister was doomed.

How Red managed to dispose of him will be later shown.

There was nothing serious the matter with Alice, and as the morning wore on her headache left her.

At the moment when Red rounded the hooked point she sat in the cabin doing a little sewing for herself.

Suddenly she heard the splash of oars and concluding that it was the Bradys returning she got up, laid aside her work and came out of the little cabin to welcome them.

And then to her horror she saw the Yeggman just making fast.

One glance at the fellow's face was enough to make his character plain to Alice, and the color of his hair made her jump at the correct conclusion that he was the Yeggman who had attacked Old King Brady in Boston.

And here the fellow was in the Bradys' boat.

The thought of what it might mean well nigh drove Alice to despair.

Red stared at her in silent surprise.

He had expected to find the boat deserted.

Least of all had he expected to find a woman aboard.

"Ah there!" he cried. "Well, by gracious, you're a peach! Say, I'm coming aboard to get acquainted. Say, dis is great!"

Alice thought fast.

Nothing short of jollying this wretch along and waiting for a chance to escape could save her from serious trouble.

"Hello!" she cried smilingly. "Who are you? What brings you here?"

"Question's de other way," laughed Red. "Who are you, sis?"

He jumped aboard and came toward Alice, who never moved.

It was as she expected, for she saw what was coming in his eyes.

Suddenly flinging an arm around Alice's neck Red drew her close and kissed her.

Alice promptly slapped his face.

"Keep your distance!" she cried. "None of that until we are better acquainted. Perhaps not then!"

Red only laughed.

"Oh, I'm all right, and so are you," he said. "Is dis here de Bradys' boat?"

"Sure."

"Alone here, Sis?"

"No."

"The deuce! Who else is here?"

"You."

"You're all right."

"I think so, but I must say you're not much of a gentleman or you would introduce yourself."

"Ladies foist!"

"My name is Alice."

"And mine is Mike."

"What have you done with the Bradys? Killed them, I hope!"

"You hope?"

"Sure."

"But aren't you wan of dem?"

"I'm working for Old King Brady, if by that you mean being one of them, but I'm sick and tired of the old fool. I was just about to quit him anyway."

"So? And the young feller?"

Alice gave her head a contemptuous toss.

"Oh, I've had enough of him, that's one sure thing," she said. "He's a conceited little idiot. I like a man who is a man."

"Like me?"

"I'm not acquainted with you yet, but you haven't told me what you have done with the Bradys. I am waiting to know."

"Well, I'll tell you. I captured 'em and left 'em tied up in de grass over dere. I want to get out of dis an' dis here boat is de t'ing what's goin' to take me out. You might as well go wit me."

"Where?"

"Oh, I dunno. I'm goin' to run down de coast. Mebbe I'll make a landing somewheres near Newburyport."

"All right. I'd just as soon go with you as the next one. I think I know who you are?"

"Well?"

"You are the fellow who gave Old King Brady a black eye the other night."

Shouldn't wonder if you were about right."

"That means it was you who got the paper away from him which he found in that old house in Boston."

"You're next, Sis. I'm dat very guy!"

"Anything come of it? Did you find the million that was lost in the meadows? Did they? How about it? Perhaps they found it and you got it away from them. Let's have the whole story, Mike."

"You want to know wot it means, do yer?" said Mike.

"Well, and so you shall. I'll give you dat much satisfaction. Watch me, but first I better make sure dat you are tellin' de truth an' dat we are alone togedder on dis boat."

"Go ahead," said Alice. "I'd be a fool to lie to you, Mike. You know that."

She began to sing and walked astern, where the rowboat was tied to the Alice M.

If the chance came she was resolved to lose not an instant in boarding the boat.

Perhaps Mike divined her intentions.

He merely looked into the cabin and then followed Alice astern.

"Seems to be as you say, Sis," he said. "Well, dat's all right. I've no doubt you an' me will be good friends. Get out of de way. I'm going aboard de rowboat. Lend a feller a hand. I'm going to pass up some t'ings to yer which I guess will make you open your eyes."

"You've got the money, Mike?"

"De Bradys found it, I guess. I'm not sure, dough."

He jumped into the boat and opened the locker.

Alice could have covered him with her revolver, but she saw no use in it.

Her whole idea was to get the boat and make her escape.

The time for that had not yet come.



Red straightened up with his hands full of the oil silk packages.

"Dese here are wot I found in dis boat," he said. "Whedder dere's any money in 'em or not I dunno, but I guess yes."

"They were not in the boat when the Bradys went away," said Alice. "It must be the money, I think."

"Likely. Here, take dem, Sis, an' we'll examine 'em togedder. Chee, but you're as pretty as a picter. Have you been long in de detective line?"

"Oh, yes; several years. Raise them up higher. I can't reach. There, that will do."

Alice took the packages to the cockpit and laid them on the seat.

She was outwardly perfectly cool, although actually filled with a thousand fears.

Red loaded her down again and still again and then came aboard with the balance.

"Sit down here wit me and we'll have a look," he said. "We may as well be sociable."

He took up the package nearest at hand and opened it. It contained Bank of England notes.

The Yeggman's jaw dropped.

"Wot kind of phony paper is dat?" he exclaimed. "Say, is dem t'ings any good?"

"It is English money," said Alice, taking up one of the notes.

"But are dey good?"

"I'm sure I don't know whether they are or not."

"Chee! It would be a blame shame if dey turned out no good, after all."

"Try another package."

"Hold on. Is dem de Bank of England notes what de paper told about?"

"That's what they are."

"Oh, I see. Den accordin' to de paper de most of de million is in dem kind of rags."

"Yes; that is what the Bradys expected to find. Open another package, why don't you?"

Red did so.

More Bank of England notes turned up.

"Say, I don't like dis, not fer a little bit," he snarled.

"I guess dere's noting else."

He came upon a package of the old greenbacks a moment later.

Never having seen anything like them, the Yeggman was filled with disgust.

"Say, dis is all to de bad!" he exclaimed. "Wot kind of truck is dis? Some new kind er Confederate money, or wot?"

"Not at all," replied Alice. "Those are old United States greenbacks. They are perfectly good."

"Sure?"

"Positive."

"An' de English stuff?"

"I don't know anything about that part of it."

"Didn't you hear Old King Brady say anything about it? He's a wise guy. He ought to know."

"But he didn't know and he said so."

"Mebbe dey's outlawed. Dat's it."

"That is the idea, I believe."

"Help me open 'em, Alice. Every package of dem old greenbacks wot we find is so much to de good."

They worked over the stuff together.

Alice was bound to admit that her unpleasant companion might have been worse.

He did not swear and he was so entirely taken up with the business in hand that he stopped paying compliments.

They opened every packet.

It was precisely as the paper had stated.

There was two hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks and one hundred and sixty thousand pounds in Bank of England notes.

"Gee, it's a million if dem white t'ings is good," cried Red Mike, who made Alice figure the exchange on the English money. "Wot would you do wit de stuff, Sis, if you was me?"

"Get to Boston and dispose of some of it, then to New York and get rid of more."

"You wouldn't try to sell it all out in a lump?"

"No. The Secret Service Bureau is gunning for this money; they might get next. Then the Bradys might get away and get busy after you. Why didn't you do them up while you had the chance?"

"Because dey brought me good luck. It's bad luck to do up a man what brings you good luck; at least, so I t'ink. But would you have done dem up, Sis?"

"If you hated them as much as I do you would not ask that question, Mike."

"Chee, but you're all right! Say, what's de matter wit' you goin' partners wit' me an' you puttin' out dis stuff? Too dangerous? Yes?"

"Not at all. I am willing. I can disguise. You ought to see how good I am at disguising."

"Dat will be all right, den. You see, I'm pretty well known to de police an' me talk is a give-away every time. Is it a go?"

"Certainly, if you want it so."

"Oh, I do. I'm dead stuck on you, Alice. Say, we'll make a great team."

"I'll help you spend your money," laughed Alice. "and even if the English notes have been cancelled they will lo to put up a bluff at the races with, or I'll find some way to work them off."

"I'll bet so. We'll get somet'ing out of dem. But now let's start."

"Can you sail a boat?"

"Sure t'ing. I follered de sea two years. I'm a crack-erjack when it comes to a boat."

"Then stow that stuff away in the cabin and let's get out."

Alice had completely hoodwinked the Yegg.

She went into the cabin with him and advised him to pry off a bit of the wainscoting and hide the money behind it.

Then while he started to do this Alice asked if she should bring the money in.

"Yes," replied Mike.

The packages had been all rolled up again in the oil silk.

Alice brought in one armful and went out for the next.



Meanwhile Red was having trouble with the wainscoting.

Alice saw that now or never was her chance.

She caught up an armful of the old greenbacks and slipping astern dropped them into the boat and climbed down.

Every instant she expected to see Red come out of the cabin and her heart beat wildly as she hurriedly cast off.

Seizing the oars Alice pulled for all she was worth.

Of course, Red came to the front then.

His rage like his language was frightful.

"Back! Back, or I'll shoot you!" he cried, covering Alice with a revolver.

But the brave girl, feeling that it was better to risk death than to yield, pulled on.

Red did not fire, but took it out in talk.

Alice always believed that his revolver was empty.

She pulled vigorously, making no reply to his vile threats.

Red now began to get busy with the boat.

It instantly became apparent that he knew nothing about a boat and had lied when he claimed to have been a sailor.

He ran up the sail after many clumsy attempts.

But he forgot to raise his anchor and the boat began swinging around.

All this was to the good with Alice, and she continued to pull and before Red got under way she had passed behind the hooked point.

Still pulling she made for the salt creek where the sign of the three black stars was displayed, Red having explained the location of the place.

Looking back she saw the Yeggman come around the point.

A fresh northwest wind was blowing and it sent him along with considerable speed.

Alice looked to see him stand up the creek after her, but he did not.

Doubtless he was afraid to try it and was satisfied to let well enough alone.

And such was Alice's fortunate escape from a danger which at one time seemed likely to prove serious.

She pulled on up the creek and after a little heard her name called.

Looking over her shoulder to her great joy she saw Old King Brady and Harry standing among the tall grass on the bank about a hundred yards ahead.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE LUCK OF THE THREE BLACK STARS.

"Well, if you aren't the luckiest ever!" exclaimed Young King Brady when Alice, having taken the detectives on board, explained what had happened.

"Not so much luck as good wit," added the old detective. "I told you how it would be."

"I was scared enough," said Alice. "At first I was almost ready to jump overboard, taking my chances on the Yegg being able to swim."

"You would have lost there," said Harry. "He can swim like a duck. I suppose he didn't tell you that he had just murdered one of his pals?"

"No; he said nothing about that. But tell me all."

Harry related what had happened, blaming himself for coming up the creek.

But Old King Brady would not have it so.

"I alone am to blame," he said. "Harry doesn't put it straight. It was the worst break I've made in many a long day."

"And we are mighty fortunate to get out of it as easily as we have," added Harry.

"I only wish I could have captured more of the money," said Alice; "but I didn't dare to risk it."

"I should say not," replied the old detective. "But I don't despair. We may get the fellow yet."

"The fishes are much more likely to get him," said Alice. "You ought to have seen him handle the boat."

"We saw him when he passed the point," replied Old King Brady. "Poor Harry was almost wild, for he thought you were on board locked in the cabin. But let us see how much money you managed to get away with."

Old King Brady counted up forty thousand dollars.

It was all in the old greenbacks, Alice having put the United States notes in a pile by themselves when she wrapped them up.

A council of war was now held.

It was decided that the only thing to do was to get back to Portsmouth as soon as possible, charter a tug and start in pursuit.

"But not with much hope of overhauling the Yegg," said Old King Brady. "Being a poor sailor he will surely land at the first opportunity. Indeed, I am almost inclined to question the use in taking the tug at all."

"How else can we pick up the trail?" demanded Alice.

"That's the point. We will think it over as we go along."

It was a long, hard pull back to Portsmouth, and it was almost dark when the detectives finally came up at the wharf where they had hired the Alice M.

The boat owner was inclined to be a bit stuffy at first, but Old King Brady cut him short by paying the value of the lost boat, with the understanding that the money was to be returned to him in case she was recovered.

"And now what?" demanded Harry. "I don't think much of your tug scheme. The fellow may have abandoned the boat long ago and be on his way to Boston now."

"I think so myself," replied the old detective. "I have given it up as far as we are concerned, but just the same the tug goes."

They went to the office of the Chief of the Portsmouth police, a civil man, who readily agreed to send a tug down the coast to try and find out what had become of the boat.

He thought, however, that it would be useless to make the start before morning and to this Old King Brady agreed.

And so the Bradys, leaving the Portsmouth end of their affairs in the hands of the Chief, took the next train for Boston, tying up as usual at Young's Hotel.



Next morning they jumped in to see what could be done.

"My work will be to find out where Red Mike is likely to go," said the old detective. "You and Alice get down on State street and notify every exchange office to look out for persons offering old greenbacks or Bank of England notes. By night we shall have a report from the tug captain and then we shall know better where we are at."

Old King Brady headed straight for North street.

He wanted to know more about the three black stars.

He began by looking up the policeman to whom the reward had been offered for information about the Yeggs.

But this amounted to nothing.

The policeman informed him that he had seen no tramps hanging about the back yard since that night.

Old King Brady then started to look up the man who ran the box yard.

He proved to be a cooper, who had a place further down North street in a cellar.

He was a surly fellow, and treated the detective very gruffly.

"I dunno nothin' about the tramps who hang out in the yard," he said. "Why should I? I can't keep 'em off, so I don't never pay no attention to them."

There was clearly nothing doing here, and in fact there was nothing doing all day.

Along towards evening a telegram came from Portsmouth, stating that the Alice M. had been found abandoned at the mouth of a salt creek near Newburyport, Mass.

She had been stripped of about everything of value, and a junk dealer in Newburyport whom the captain visited reported buying a lot of truck which answered the description of the missing articles from a red-headed man who looked like a tramp.

This was as far as the detectives could go.

Mike had evidently made a safe voyage and the assumption was that he had probably taken a train for Boston.

"It's up to us to trace this fellow out by means of the three black stars," said the old detective. "It is our only clew, and we must work it for what it is worth."

"And the scheme?" demanded Harry.

"I should say a night in the box yard," replied Old King Brady. "I see no other way."

"Do we go as tramps?"

"Oh, decidedly."

"I suppose that bars me out," remarked Alice.

"I fancy you had best keep clear of it," replied Old King Brady.

"Let me do the tramp act for once and go with you. I can make up as a man."

"I think it would be best not."

It was evident that Alice was immensely disappointed.

"Suppose she does go," said Harry, "and we two keep around on the outside while you camp in the box yard. After midnight we can sneak into the yard, if the coast is clear. It might be best to divide."

"As you will," replied Old King Brady. "I propose to go to the box yard and I think for three of us to go would spoil everything."

It was finally decided to let Harry have his way.

Harry and Alice accordingly went to a costumer's on Tremont Row to see what they could pick up.

A woman conducted the place and she fixed Alice up in such good shape that she certainly did look the young hobo to perfection.

Young King Brady also got what he wanted, and until ten o'clock they strolled about the North End, taking in Boston's little ghetto and other queer localities, some of which would have been decidedly dangerous had they been differently dressed.

And they had every reason to congratulate themselves upon having made the trip, for in the window in a second-hand store on Cambridge street, near Joy, where part of the colored contingent of Boston have always lived, what should Alice spy but several neatly cut stars made of jet, each with a hole through the middle.

"Whatever were they made for?" exclaimed Harry. "Odd that we should run across them to-night."

"Let's buy them," suggested Alice. "I'll sew three of them on my coat lapel."

"What a notion!"

"If we should happen to run into one of the black star fraternity it might help to get us next to him."

Harry laughed and assented, more to please Alice than anything else.

So they went into the shop and tackled a queer old fellow, who told them that the stars were real jet and he wanted ten cents apiece for them.

"I'll take three of them," replied Alice, "providing you will lend me a needle and thread, so that I can sew them on to my coat lapel."

"And what for?" demanded the old fellow.

"Oh, just for fun."

"All right. I'll do it. Queer, but I've sold quite a lot of those stars to fellows like you within the last six months. I was wondering what you did with them."

"To tramps?" demanded Alice.

"Yes."

"Look here, boss," said Harry, displaying his shield. "We are detectives. We have a particular reason for buying these stars and what you say interests us a lot. How many have you sold to tramps altogether now?"

"Well, I bought a hundred of them from a man some five years ago," replied the curiosity dealer. "The first I sold was, as I say, about six months ago, and since then I have sold more. Let's count them and see how many there are left."

He ran them over and found that he had sixty-two.

"The balance all went to tramps," he said. "That's all I know about it."

"It is a tramp we are out after," replied Harry. "This is certainly interesting. I begin to think that there may be some tramps' society called the Three Black Stars."

"May be," said the old man. "You can have the balance of them for five cents apiece if you will take them."

"No, but I'll take three more at ten cents," replied Harry.

He did so, and Alice sewed them on to the lapel of his coat.

"I think it is just the strangest thing ever that we



happened to run into this business," remarked Alice, as they walked back towards Court Square.

"It is," replied Harry; "and I am most curious to see what comes of it."

They walked on down Court street.

The stars, be it understood, were inconspicuous, being no bigger than an ordinary pearl shirt button.

Whether they actually were real jet or not, when the light caught them their shape could readily be seen.

Reaching Hanover street, Harry and Alice turned down, passed the American House, and were just coming to Union street when a roughly dressed man coming out of a cigar store eyed them sharply and touched Alice on the arm, saying:

"Hello! I see you are out with de stars."

"Sure!" replied Alice. "There's a pair of us."

"Look here," said the man.

He pulled off his shabby old derby and in the crown on a dirty white label were three black stars.

"Say, I guess you are one of us, friend," remarked Harry.

"Dat's right. You don't belong in Boston. I never seen you before."

"No; we are from New York."

"So? How's t'ings wit de Stars dere?"

"All right. Where do de boys meet here in Boston?"

"Dey was meetin' in an old house on North street, back of the box yard, but Red Mike passed de word dat detectives was watchin' de place, so dey quit."

"So? You know Mike, it seems. Know Twister?"

"Of course."

"An' Coffee, de nigger?"

"Well, I should say so."

"How about Buck Ryan?"

"Course I know him. You seem pretty blame well acquainted wit de boys."

"I know some of dem. What's your name? Mine's Ned Burns an' me friend here is Kid Banners."

"Jerry White for mine. But where did you get dem t'ings?"

Harry laughed.

"Why, we happened to see 'em in a window on Cambridge street and bought them," was the reply. "They were just the t'ing."

"I see some of de boys wearin' 'em," said White; "but I didn't know where dey got 'em. Will you come round on Portland street? I'll blow youse off."

"Not to-night. I'm on de water wagon for a couple of days an' so's me friend. But you didn't tell us where de Stars was holding out."

"Well, I don't exactly know meself," replied the fellow: "but I guess if youse was to get over to Gus Murphy's place by de South Boston Bridge you'd be pretty sure to find some of 'em."

"It's Red Mike I'm particularly anxious to see."

"I seen Mike de first of de week, but I hain't seen him since. I t'ink him and Buck Ryan an' de rest of de bunch has gone up country on a job."

They talked a bit further and then parted.

Harry and Alice kept on down Hanover street.

Once or twice they looked back to see if they were

being followed, but they could not make it out that it was so.

"Now that's what I call luck!" exclaimed Harry.

"Alice, I congratulate you on your discovery."

"Why, yes," replied Alice, "it was rather lucky. Suppose we call it the luck of the three black stars."

## CHAPTER X.

### OLD KING BRADY FINDS ANOTHER HOLD-OUT OF THE BLACK STARS GANG.

Old King Brady, made up as a tramp, turned up at the box yard about eleven o'clock.

He pushed open the rickety gate which was supposed to guard the place but did not and stepped inside.

Privately he had but little hope of anything coming of his venture, for it seemed to him that the box yard would be about the last place Red Mike would choose to visit under present conditions.

Old King Brady pushed about among the boxes, and seeing nobody determined to go on into the house.

So he squirmed through the broken panel and after shuffling about on the ground floor he went up stairs.

As he entered the room in which the discovery of the Marsh papers had been made he perceived in the corner what he took at first to be a bundle of old rags.

But closer observation showed that there was a boy inside of them sound asleep.

Old King Brady ventured to throw his light for an instant.

The sleeper was a miserable, half-starved looking creature of fifteen or thereabouts.

He was sound asleep, but as the light struck in his face he rolled over and opened his eyes.

"Wot's de matter wit yer? Can't yer leave a feller alone?" he growled.

"The matter with me is the same as with you, I guess," replied the old detective. "I'm looking for a bed."

The boy sat up on the floor and rubbed his eyes.

"Say," he blurted, "I never seen you before. You hain't one of de gang."

"No."

"Who steered you in here?"

"I came myself. I saw the gate and thought I could get a chance to sleep among the boxes, then I came on in here."

"Tain't much good here, neither."

"Do many sleep here nights?"

"Sometimes they do; den again dere's nobody. I don't have much to do wit de gang. Dey play tricks on boys like me."

"I suppose. What's your name?"

"Aw, what's dat to youse?"

"It might pay you to tell," he said. "I might be able to put you next to a good thing."

"Aw, quit your kiddin'!"

"Not at all. Look here!"

Then for better or for worse Old King Brady showed his shield.



The boy sprang to his feet.

"You're one of dem detectives wot's been hangin' about here!" he cried. "I heard about youse, but I hain't done nothin' and you can't do nothin' to me."

"Haven't any idea of doing the least thing to you unless it is to give you five dollars," said the old detective.

"Wot fer?"

"Help."

"How can I help you?"

"Perhaps you can. Tell me your name first."

"Tim's enough."

"Tim is all right. Do you happen to know Red Mike?"

"Dere's a red-head wot sleeps here sometimes an' his name is Mike."

"Young man?"

"Yes."

"Friend of Buck Ryan, Twister, Coffee and the rest of the gang."

"Dat's de feller."

"All those I mention sleep here?"

"Sometimes dey do, when dey hain't got de price of a better place."

"And when they have?"

"Oh, say, now, look here, Mister, you can't expect me to give away de gang. If I do dat I'll get killed."

"Not by the men I have mentioned, Tim."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen: Buck is dead."

"Chee! You don't say!"

"Twister is dead and so is Coffee."

"And de Red one?"

"He is the man I want to find, and if you will help me to do it the five is yours."

Tim pulled out a cigarette and began to smoke.

He seemed to be thinking the matter over.

"Wot's he wanted for!" he asked at last.

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Wot? De Redney? Naw! I hate him! He trun me down stairs when he war full. I'd like to get square if I only dared."

"And Twister?"

"He never done me no harm."

"Well, then, I'll tell you, Tim. Red Mike killed Twister. It's for that he is wanted?"

"Hully chee! Is dat so?"

"Yes. If you hate him for throwing you down stairs now is the time to get square."

"You hain't got no five dollars, yer old bum! Yer know yer hain't. I don't believe yer a detective at all."

"Don't be so sure. I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Tim."

"Well?"

"If you can make me believe that you really have anything to tell me worth the telling I'll give five dollars now and five when I am satisfied that you have guided me straight."

"How do I know you are a detective? Prove dat foist."

"Then read this."

Old King Brady produced a paper.

It was a copy of his Secret Service commission.

This he always carries in one of the most secret pockets of the old blue coat.

Flashing his light upon the paper he held it in a position in which the boy could easily see it.

Tim stared at the paper for a few minutes and then looked up with a changed expression on his face.

"An' youse is really Old King Brady?" he asked in awe-stricken tones.

"That is who I am. Now don't call me an old bum again, but get busy and earn that ten."

"Boss, I ax yer pardon."

"Never mind. You are quite right to make sure. What can you do to earn the ten?"

"I'll be honets wit yer. I've worked for de gang sometimes. I'd like to get square wit Red Mike."

"You said that before. What gang do you mean? The Three Black Stars."

"Sure it is. Dey have members in New York and Philadelphia as well as Boston."

"Do you belong to the gang?"

"Naw! Dey won't let in boys."

"Are they all Yeggmen?"

"Some of dem is an' some's only gay bats; some's only plain tramps."

"Back to business. What can you do to earn the ten?"

"Well, only dis. I know a place 'way out on de Sout' Boston flats where Twister took me wunst when he wanted me to meet Red Mike about a job wot was to be did."

"What kind of a place?"

"An old slaughter house. Dey hung out dere den, but dat was two years ago, when I was a kid."

"What are you now, you wretched little mite?" thought the old detective.

He pressed the boy further and finally decided that it might be worth his while to visit the slaughter house.

This because Tim assured him that the Black Stars men were not now in the habit of going there.

On the principle that a dog will return to his old haunts, Old King Brady thought it possible that Red Mike might choose this place to lie quiet until he could turn himself.

With much money in his possession the Yegg would naturally shun the cheap lodging houses.

That he might buy new clothes with the money received for the junk stolen from the boat and go to a decent hotel Old King Brady did not believe, for such would not be the way of a Yeggman.

So taken all in all, he came to the conclusion that Tim's proposition was about the best he was liable to get that night.

"We will go," he said. "Here's your five. Take me to the place and make it plain to me that it really is a hold-out of the Black Stars gang and you get the other five. For any further work you may do for me there will be further pay."

Tim jumped at the chance and pocketed the bill.

"Come on," he said. "I'll do de best I can."

They walked to the North station and there boarded a South Boston car, riding to the end of the route.

Here they struck off on the meadows and walked a long distance.

At last Tim turned towards the bay and skirting a long, low hill stopped in sight of a ruinous old frame building.



Save for some kind of a manufacturing plant to be seen in the distance, it was the only building anywhere around.

"Dat's de joint," he said; "but it's dark enough. I don't believe nobody's there."

"We will investigate," replied the detective. "What we want is to find Red Mike and help you and me get square."

"Wot, have you got it in for him on your own account, too? Outside of de detective business, I mean?"

"I certainly have. You see my eye?"

"Sure. I've been looking at it all de time. Hain't it a beaut!"

"Red Mike gave me that, Tim."

"Chee! Dat so? When I found out youse was a detective I thought mebbe you had painted it dat way to make you look more like a bum."

"No; it's real. But come on. How far to the bay from here?"

"Oh, just a little way. Just around de hill."

"It certainly is a good hang-out. What made the Black Stars give it up?"

"Too blame far, I spose. But I don't know dat dey have give it up fer sure. Dey never tells me noting. When dey wants a kid to crawl troo a windy or de likes of dat, why, den dey get me. Sometimes I don't see none of dem in months."

All this time Old King Brady had been watching the old slaughter house.

There was no sign of life about the place.

He pushed on to the door.

The moon had now risen and it was light enough for the old detective to see daubed upon the door the same three stars.

"You have earned your other five, Tim," he said. "Here's your money, boy. You have brought me to another hold-out of the Black Stars gang beyond all doubt."

## CHAPTER XI.

### MORE LUCK AT GUS MURPHY'S.

Gus Murphy kept a typical Boston groggery of the lowest sort.

It was no gilded gin palace, and it bore as little resemblance to a New York corner saloon as a mongrel yellow cur does to a giant St. Bernard.

Located in a blind alley close to the South Boston Bridge, Gus Murphy's place presented about as unattractive an appearance as can be well imagined.

The house had settled on one side, and being two feet below the grade looked as if it was in the act of sinking into the earth.

Over the door was the little tin sign, "Licenced Victualler," something to be seen in connection with all Boston saloons.

Above that was a big board upon which, in faded gilt letters, could be traced the legend:

"A. Murphy, Wine and Spirit Merchant."

There were two show windows and what was shown was a heterogenous assortment of old boxes, bottles, whiskey and beer advertisements, dead flies, spider webs and empty demijohns.

Such was the attractive window display of this old-fashioned Boston saloon, and it was at this place that Harry and Alice brought up a short time after their chance encounter with the Black Stars man on Hanover street.

"This seems to be the place," remarked Harry, glancing at the window display.

"'A.' don't stand for Gus, but the Murphy part is all there," added Alice.

"This great wine and spirit merchant would hardly think of abbreviating his name, and 'A.' will go for Augustus all right. But what have we here?"

Young King Brady pointed to the door-jamb on the right.

Burned into the wood with a branding iron were three black stars!

They were inconspicuous, and one would almost have taken it for the work of boys.

But it settled it in the mind of the detective.

The man in Hanover street had certainly steered them straight.

They walked back up the alley and opened Gus Murphy's door.

They went down steps to get to it and down more before they got in.

It was enough to make a man feel drunk merely to look about the big, square room.

The floor was all on a slant and every window was crooked.

To all appearances Gus Murphy's was slowly but surely sinking down into the mud.

Over in one corner, sprawled upon barrels, were three men sound asleep.

In another corner was a group of hoboos gathered around a table playing cards.

Near the door sat a bloated young man on a barrel half asleep and idly picking at a banjo.

Three or four drinkers, evidently tramps, were standing at the dirty, black bar behind which stood a little, dried-up old fellow with withered face and blinking red eyes.

This was the great "Wine and Spirit Merchant" himself.

Harry and Alice lined up at the bar and called for soft drinks which the old man served.

His eyes were right upon the three black stars and when he went back to his other customers he whispered something to them and they turned and looked at the newcomers, too.

After a few minutes Murphy came back again and said:

"I see youse wear 'em."

"Sure. Dat's all right in here, I was told."

"Perhaps. Where do you hail from?"

"New York. Is dis Gus Murphy's?"

"Dat's me name."

"It's Buck Ryan we are looking for. He wrote me a letter last week asking me to meet him here to-night. He was going to introduce me to a friend of his, Red Mike."



The names thus freely used seemed to be introduction enough.

Two of the drinkers came up, the third man going out of the place.

Each pulled off a hat and showed three black stars in the crown.

Harry introduced himself as Ned Burns and Alice as Kid Connors.

The pair responded, giving the names of Dick Weiner and Tom Brown.

Then Harry offered to treat, making an excuse for himself and companion being on the water wagon.

The treat was accepted readily enough and after drinking Young King Brady brought Old Murphy around to business again.

"Will I see dem guys in here to-night?" he asked.

"Can't say," replied Gus. "I hain't seen neither of dem in t'ree or four days. Last I see of Red he was goin' up to Maine or somewheres and I understood dat Buck an' some of de other boys was goin' wit 'em."

It began to look as if nothing was coming out of it when all at once the banjo player slipped off his barrel and went sprawling on the floor.

"He's dead," laughed Tom Brown.

"Pitch him into the barrels, boys, please," said Gus Murphy. "I'm gettin' old and can't lift 'em no more."

Brown and Weiner picked the fellow up and deposited him on the barrels.

"Brown was going to put the banjo on top of him when Harry interfered, saying:

"Is that his?"

"Yair," replied Brown. "He's always picking at the banjo, the blame fool, an' he can't play for a cent."

"Is he one of us?"

"Naw. He works in de coal yard down here."

"Show me the banjo."

"Kin' yer play?"

"A little. I was out wit' a vaud'ville show one time."

Now, as a matter of fact, Young King Brady is a splendid performer on the banjo, being quite equal to any professional.

He woke the dingy old den up in a minute, giving them a Spanish fandango, done in the best professional style.

"An' now, gents, me friend, Kid Connors, will oblige wit' a song. He's de best falsetto singer ever. He sings like a lady. Here goes!"

And Harry, starting the latest "mother" song, Alice joined in with her superb contralto.

The two black stars were swept off their feet, so to speak.

The card players applauded loudly, and even old Murphy pounded on the bar with the foot of a beer glass.

"'Ncore! 'Ncore!" bawled Brown. "Say, dat's great! I'd treat yez if I had de price!"

"Well, I've got it, den," said Harry. "Set 'em up again, Mr. Murphy. You gents at de table, come and join in if youse want a drink."

The card players lined up at the bar, and old man Murphy was in the act of setting up the drinks when the door opened and a man entered.

He was a woe-begone looking specimen, dirty and be-

draggled, with an old whisp of a hat and his left arm in a sling.

But, in spite of the change which had come over him, Young King Brady instantly recognized the Twister.

The supposed dead one had arisen from the waters of the Portsmouth meadows and was back at his old haunts again!

The instant he laid his eyes on Twister Harry felt sure that his coming was to be all to the good.

The fellow slouched up to the bar and asked:

"Say, Gus, seen Red to-night?"

"No, I hain't seen him since you an' him and Buck was in here de odder night."

Twister leaned heavily on the bar, acting like a man tired out.

"Is this gentleman a friend of Buck Ryan's?" asked Harry.

"I wuz," replied Twister, gloomily, "but who de mischief are you?"

"Me names Ned Burns. I'm from New York. Me an' me friend was to meet Buck here to-night."

"You wuz, hey? Well, you won't den."

"Why not?"

"'Cause he's dead."

"Dead!" cried Brown and Weiner in a breath.

"Dead!" piped Gus Murphy. "What happened him, den?"

"Coffee did him."

"Yer don't say! I allus said dat nigger was a bad one. W'at became of him?"

"Buck did him."

"Do you mean to say dey done each other?"

"Dat's wot."

"Like de Kilkenny cats?"

"Yair."

"You look as if some one had been trying to do you," said Harry. "But forget it an' join us in a drink."

Twister got in line and they drank.

"Me friend, Kid Connors," said Harry, introducing. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Dey calls me Twister. I ain't used me right name in so long dat I forget wot it is," replied the yegg, looking at the black stars.

"Say, youse wear dem prominent," he added. "Is dat de way de boys do in New York?"

Harry laughed.

"Why, we picked dem up in Boston to-night," he said. "It was in a' old curiosity shop. I forget de name of de street."

"Cambridge street," said Brown. "A couple of de fellers got deir buttons dere. I know the place."

Further talk followed.

Young King Brady played the banjo some more and Alice sang.

Others dropped in who were not of the Black Stars, evidently.

Brown and Weiner left.

Harry put up the banjo and said:

"Well, seein' dat Buck Ryan is dead I s'pose dere's no use of our hangin' round here, Kid. Twister, have wan more wit' me an' we'll be on de move."

"Naw; I don't want no more!" replied the yegg, "an'



you don't want no more of dat soft stuff, neither. Say, wot did you want see Buck for, now?"

"Dunno. He wrote me to meet him here. He's an old pal of mine. He was going to introduce me to a feller named Red Mike, de letter said. Do you happen to know him?"

"Do I know him? Well, I should say I did," replied Twister, throwing withering contempt into his tone. "Look a-here, partner; you come outside wit' me. I dunno wot Buck had in mind—no one ever will now—but, say, I t'ink I can put youse next to something on me own account wot may fill in yer spare time."

This was said in a confidential whisper.

"All right," replied Harry. "We'll foller yer."

Twister slouched out.

A few minutes later Harry and Alice slipped out after him.

They found the yegg waiting for them down by the gravel roofing yard, where he stood watching a passing train.

"He's the man we thought Red Mike killed up there on the meadows," whispered Harry as they moved down the alley.

"Is he?" replied Alice. "Now see what luck you get by having me along."

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

"Do you want me any more, boss?" Tim asked of Old King Brady, as they stood by the door of the old slaughter house.

"No," replied the old detective.

"Good night, boss. Glad I struck yer."

The boy took to his heels and in a minute had vanished around the bend of the hill.

"And now to see if all this amounts to anything," said the old detective to himself, as he tackled the slaughter house door.

Originally it had probably been fastened by a padlock, but now a plug of wood served the purpose.

Listening for a moment, Old King Brady flashed his light inside.

It was just one big, dirty enclosure, with a big wheel up near the ceiling, same as is usual in country slaughter houses.

There was nothing to indicate that the place had been used in recent times.

Over in one corner was a lot of old bagging scattered about. This the tramps had evidently made use of for beds.

There proved to be a cellar beneath and, finding the stairs, Old King Brady descended.

Again he flashed his light about.

Then he stooped down and began a closer examination of the floor.

There were fresh footprints all over the cellar floor. Especially marked were they over by the barrels.

He pulled some of the barrels away.

The footprints extended beneath them.

Finishing the job, Old King Brady found that they were particularly marked near the foundation wall.

The old detective's hopes rose.

Examining each stone in turn, Old King Brady found just what he expected, and that before many minutes.

One of the stones was so loose that, although a pretty heavy proposition to tackle, the old detective was able to draw it forward and lift it out.

Flashing his lantern into the opening, he saw a number of little packages done up in oiled silk, carefully stowed away.

"I win!" thought Old King Brady. "Here is Red Mike's share of the million fast enough."

And at the same instant he heard a step on the stairs.

"Heavens! And here I am up against the man himself!" he thought.

Drawing his revolver, he crouched down behind a barrel and waited for what was to come.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, Twister, what's in de wind?" demanded Young King Brady as the yeggman turned at the sound of their footsteps.

"De biggest t'ing ever if you are game to help me out," was the reply. "You see de condition I'm in. I can't do nothin' for meself."

"Give it a name," replied Harry. "De Kid an' me are game for any old t'ing when it comes to dat."

"But de question is, would youse play fair wit' a feller? I don't know yer, dat's why I've took up wit' yer. Dere's a chanst dat you would, an' dere hain't one of de gang in Boston wot I can trust."

Of course Harry swore that they were fairness itself.

"It's a matter of a million, more or less," said Twister then.

And he went on to tell of the accidental meeting of Red Mike with the Bradys in the closed-up house on North street, and how he secured the paper written by Colonel Moulton.

Evidently Twister was blest with a very good memory, for he described the contents of that document with astonishing accuracy.

"Mike couldn't read," he went on to say, "so he brung it to me in Gus Murphy's, an' I read it for him. Buck Ryan was dere, and a nigger named Coffee. We all agreed to go in for de t'ing, so dat very night we jumped de freight an' went down to Portsmouth."

"And did you find the money?" demanded Harry, pretending to be greatly excited.

"Hold up till I tell yer," replied Twister. "I went ahead, for we t'ought it better to separate, an' after some trouble I got to a salt creek what I t'ought might be the place. Here I marked our t'ree stars on a board wot was nailed to a post an' looked on a bit funder. When I came back de others were dere, and pretty soon we see a boat a-comin', an' who should be into it but de Bradys. We hid among de reeds and when dey came along we got 'em. See?"

Then followed a graphic description of the capture of the detectives and the fight between Buck Ryan and Coffee.

"When I got into de boat wit' Red I never dreamed dat de money was dere," he continued; "but I'm sure of



it now, an' dat Red seen it in de locker, for we hadn't got far out when he shipped his oars and said he was goin' to dress himself.

"I was lookin' back to see if mebbe de Bradys had got loose, when he jumped up from behind and drove a knife into me arm. I jumped up, yelling, an' somehow I missed me footin' and tumbled overboard. Down I went, an' he, t'inking dat he had killed me, I s'pose, just pulled away.

"And how did you escape?" demanded Harry.

"Oh, I'm a pretty good swimmer," replied Twister. "I put it through under water till I got to de reeds, and dere I crawled in and went off in a dead faint. Bimeby I came to an' after a hull lot of trouble I got to de railroad and jumped de freight, and here I am. I've got a mighty sore arm to nurse; but I'm not a dead one, by any means.

"An' now, fellers, dat's me story," he continued. "I hain't got de least doubt dat Red got dat money, and dat he got back to Boston wit' it all right. It hain't de kind of stuff dat a man could dispose of in a minute, so wot I t'ink is dat he'll hide it and take a few days to look round, believing dat he's de only one of de oufit living."

"And you know where he would be likely to hide it?" demanded Harry.

"I coitenly do. I wouldn't wonder if he was dere right dis very minute."

"And where?"

"Oh, it's an old slaughter house, out on de Sout' Boston flats what uster be a holdout of de Black Stars' bunch, but we hain't been dere of late. Will youse go wit' me an' see? Will youse kill him if we come up against him? Of course, we'll ketch him first an' make him tell what he's done wit' de stuff. If we get it den it's an even divide."

It was all plain enough.

Twister was out for revenge.

Being unable to help himself, he jumped at the opportunity to associate himself with two supposed members of the Black Stars gang.

Perhaps he had some plan of his own for getting all the money into his clutches later, but if so Harry never learned what it was.

"It's a go," said Harry, "but where are the Bradys? Is there any chance of running into them?"

"Dunno. If dere is, den we take it," replied Twister.

"If it's a go den we start right now!"

"We'll go."

\* \* \* \* \*

As the footsteps on the cellar stairs of the old slaughter house were heard Old King Brady saw that it was Red Mike and no other with whom he had to deal.

The yeggman came to an abrupt halt when he saw the barrels moved out of place.

"Hands up!" shouted the old detective.

He sprang up from behind his barrel and covered the fellow.

"Old King Brady!"

"Yes, Old King Brady. This is the time I win, my friend."

"You do," retorted Red, raising his hands.

He backed up against the wall, as directed.

"And so you see how little good comes your way out of all this nonsense," said the old detective. "You made nothing by your attack on me, and it has cost the lives of three of your friends. Have a care now what you do."

He laid his revolver on a barrel and, producing the bracelets, made a quick jump for his man, intending to pinion him against the wall with his own weight while he got in his work.

But this was the time he missed it.

Red, with a twist of his foot, threw him, and they went down together.

Red got the old detective by the throat and the end might have been disastrous had not a young man suddenly come dashing down the stairs.

It was Harry!

"Cover that fellow, Alice!" he shouted. "The Governor is here!"

Red pulled away.

In an instant Old King Brady was upon him and had him handcuffed in no time.

Meanwhile Alice held Twister up at the revolver's point until she could get help.

When Red saw Twister he nearly collapsed, and that illustrious yegg was wild with rage when he found who it was he had piloted to the old slaughter house, to his own undoing.

The Bradys returned to Boston with their prisoners in the boat, which Harry had pulled down, and the yeggs were jailed.

Red Mike got a year for assault later, but the Bradys made no charge against Twister, seeing that he had served their turn.

And so Secret Service Commissioner Tanner received the million lost in the meadows, the money being duly delivered to him by the Bradys next day.

But the end of it all was not what he hoped for.

Upon application to the Bank of England it was discovered that their notes had been cancelled away back in war times, and new ones issued to the Confederate authorities.

But the \$200,000 in the old greenbacks was good, and this amount the Government recovered.

Later Congress voted the Bradys a special reward of \$5,000, which they finally received, in addition to their secret service fees.

How the letter of Dr. Case came to be mislaid was never known, but certainly the Government authorities had reason to congratulate themselves on the outcome of the case of the Bradys and the Three Black Stars.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS' CHURCH VAULT MYSTERY: OR, TRACKING THE BOWERY FAKIRS," which will be the next number (450) of "Secret Service."

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## ITEMS WORTH READING.

All rules were broken when the tug Pejepscoot was launched at Portland, Me., and instead of the traditional beautiful maiden to christen the craft the bottle of champagne was smashed over the bow by a confirmed old bachelor from New Jersey. The career of the Pejepscoot will be watched by sailors, and if it ever gets into trouble it will be all due to its christening at masculine hands.

"It is most amazing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes. Thus an orator is silver-tongued or golden-mouthed. An explorer is bronzed by African suns. A resolute chap has an iron will. A sluggard moves with leaden feet. An ostrich has a copper-lined stomach. A millionaire has tin. A swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A borrower has brass."

The signboard of an inn at Roseneath, on the Clyde, was painted some time ago by the Duchess of Argyll to while away a period of tedious waiting. The Duchess is, of course, well known as an artist, and has for many years had a studio in Kensington palace, where she spends many hours in painting and modeling. As a sculptor she has great ability, and her tutor, the late Sir Edgar Boehm, thought very highly of her skill.

"The best pickpockets," said Lecoq, the detective, "are the Hindus. You have to call them light-toed as well as light-fingered, for they can lift a watch or purse as easily with their feet as with their hands. Trained from childhood, these bare-footed rascals are wonderfully skillful with their toes. This gives them a great advantage. A Hindu in a crowd will stand with his arms ostentatiously folded, and sneak with his foot the wallet from your trousers pocket.

"So the canary's dead, eh?" said a pet stock dealer. "It was a fine bird, too—well worth the \$40 you paid me for it. But I don't wonder it died. You would keep it hung up near the ceiling. That is why so many birds die off. They shouldn't be kept up high at all. Their cages should be on tables, not hooks. Up near the ceiling the air of a room is very bad, especially at night. Indeed, at night, if you burn oil or gas, the air is insupportable up there. For an experiment, stand on a table some night, with your head at the usual bird-cage's height, and take a whiff of the atmosphere. It will impress you. And particularly in rooms where smoking goes on—you know how smoke, like all other impurities, mounts—it is bad to hang birds high."

As Crown Prince, the German Emperor was always playing practical jokes, and even after his accession he was not averse to pranks of a more or less boisterous kind. Shortly after he came to the throne, the Kaiser went out one night quite incognito, and attended only by one favored member of his

suite. Coming across a stout old gentleman, William II stole up behind him and aimed a blow at his hat. The next moment the royal joker regretted his rash act, for the stranger was evidently used to similar attentions from other young gentlemen, and had fixed a row of sharp spikes under the crown of his hat. Needless to say, the imperial hand suffered in consequence.

Action of New Mexico's patriotic and far-sighted legislature has just assured the preservation of the oldest and most historic building in the United States. Jamestown, celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of its settlement by John Smith, can point to no building associated with the founder, but the governor's palace at Santa Fe, New Mexico, built before John Smith left England or the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, is still in existence, and this is the structure New Mexico's lawmakers have just saved from the possibility of destruction. A resolution introduced by Speaker Roman L. Baca, a descendant of those who built the palace, provides for turning it over to the United States Government as an historical memorial. The United States department of archaeology has been invited to establish a school of American archaeology in the palace, and will undoubtedly accept, for the region about Santa Fe is richer in relics of the early days of the United States than any other part of the country. There are even traces of an earlier civilization than history is able to explain, and scientists have long desired a headquarters which should be on the scene of this interesting section. In addition to the national scope of the movement, it will also have a strong state feature, for the resolution provides that the Historical Society of New Mexico shall still continue to have the use of a number of rooms which are stored with important relics and documents.

## WITH THE FUNNY FELLOWS.

Maud—Auntie sent me a nice birthday present, and do you know, I didn't have it a day before I broke it.

Ethel—Oh, dear, that was too bad! What was it?

Maud—A \$10 bill.

A deaf old gentleman dined with a family where grace was always said. When the guests were seated the host bowed his head and began to repeat the accustomed verse in a subdued, reverent tone.

"Eh? What's that?" demanded the deaf old gentleman, who sat beside him.

The host smiled patiently and began again, in a louder, more deprecatory voice.

"Speak a little louder. I don't catch what you say," the old gentleman persisted.

A low ripple of laughter went round the table. The host, his face crimson with embarrassment, raised his voice and repeated the verse. The deaf gentleman did his best to hear, but failed. He placed his hand upon his host's arm.

"What did you say?" he demanded irascibly.

The host cast him an angry glance.

"Hang it, I'm saying grace," he snapped.

"No," declared the young man, with a touch of sadness in his voice, "it may be that some day I shall be happy, but at present it is beyond me."

His companions were interested.

"There is a girl I love dearly," he continued. "She would have me if I asked her, but I dare not. I really cannot marry and live on a thousand a year."

Consternation and pity were depicted on the faces of his friends.

"You can't marry on a thousand a year?" asked one. "Why not?"

"Why not?" echoed the youth. "Simply because I haven't the thousand!"



## HOW A PLAN WAS CLEVERLY BLOCKED.

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG.

"You are wanted in the governor's room, Smith," said one of the clerks to me, as he passed my desk.

I obeyed that summons at once, wondering what it might portend, for such a message was unusual.

When I entered Mr. Spencer's room I found him deep in conversation with Mr. Hill, his junior partner.

"Don't go, Smith," said Mr. Spencer to me, seeing that I was about to withdraw.

The two diamond merchants continued talking in an undertone, Mr. Hill apparently urging some course which his senior was opposing. At length Mr. Spencer—a fine-looking, elderly man, who bore his sixty summers well—pushed back his chair, saying aloud:

"No, Hill, we must send Smith. You must be in Amsterdam to-morrow, so you can't go. Howard is in Glasgow; Crawley is ill in bed. We must send one of the young ones, and I prefer Smith. Smith," he continued, turning to me, "I want you to undertake a very responsible task. You know that we are sending some jewels of great value to be exhibited at the Glasgow exhibition. They must arrive to-morrow morning; and as Crawley is on the sick list, I wish you to take them to Glasgow by the express to-morrow morning. You have been with us four years now, and I have the greatest confidence in your good sense and carefulness. Will you go?"

Of course I said that I would.

"Very good," said my employer. "Now, as to the packing of the diamonds. They must be carried in an ordinary bag—one not likely to attract attention.

"Have you a common Gladstone bag?" asked Mr. Hill.

I may say here that the junior partner was a tall, strong man, with a pale face and thick black beard and mustache, and very reserved in his manner. The clerks believed that he was going to marry Mr. Spencer's youngest daughter.

"I have a Gladstone bag, I replied. "One that is nearly new."

"That will do very well," said Mr. Hill. "You had better bring your bag here empty about nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and Mr. Spencer will place the jewels in it, and send you off in time to catch the ten o'clock express."

The next morning I was at the office by nine o'clock, bringing with me my Gladstone bag empty, and a smaller bag for my personal luggage. As it happened, however, Mr. Spencer was a few minutes late, and by the time he had taken from his safe and packed away in my bag the necklaces, brooches, bracelets, and unset jewels which I was to carry to Glasgow, it was too late for me to catch the ten o'clock express at Euston Square.

"You had better wait here half an hour and take the eleven o'clock train," said Mr. Spencer. "When you arrive in Glasgow, drive straight to the best hotel and deliver the bag to the manager, taking a receipt for it. In that way the gems will be perfectly safe—quite as safe as if you had reached the town earlier in the evening."

I accordingly went to Euston Square, and took a seat in the eleven o'clock train. Hardly had I done so when the guard came along the line of carriages with a telegram in his hand, calling out my name. The message was merely from Spencer and Hill, desiring me to telegraph my safe arrival as soon as possible. I laughed at Mr. Spencer's extreme carefulness.

Before the train started two passengers entered my compartment, and appropriated the corner seats at the farther end of it. One of them was a young fellow about my own age, a little loud and vulgar in his manner, but pleasant enough. The other was a man some fifteen or twenty years older, whose appearance was not very attractive. He was a thick-set, burly fellow, with a bushy, russet beard. Across one of his eyebrows was a clean, skin-colored mark that looked as if it had been made by a cut, and it was this, perhaps that gave a sinister look to his face. I determined to

keep myself to myself, and make no new acquaintances—on this journey, at all events.

In pursuance of this prudent resolve, I answered civilly the casual remarks made by the younger of my two fellow-passengers, but did not enter into conversation with him. For mental occupation I allowed my fancy to wander to a certain old-fashioned garden I knew of—a garden in which there was a summer-house, and at the door of the summer-house a maiden standing as I had last seen her. Over and over again I counted the years before us, the long years that must pass before I could hope to claim Lucy for my wife. I thought also of my London friends and acquaintances—Mr. Spencer, with his fine house in Kensington; Mr. Hill, the silent, resolute man, who a few years before (if rumor was to be believed), had been no richer than an ordinary clerk. The hours sped by till we reached Preston. There I alighted, and, carrying my bag with me, went to the refreshment room. It seemed an odd thing to carry so large a bag into the refreshment room, but that I could not help. I was not going to leave it in the carriage.

As the day drew to a close, we all three—no fourth person had entered the compartment—grew more communicative. We had left Beattock and its hills behind us, and were nearing my bag with me, went to the refreshment room.

We were still some fifty miles from our destination, when my talkative fellow-traveler offered me a cigar. I took it and lighted it. It had a pleasant though peculiar flavor; but as I was enjoying it, I felt that I was getting drowsy—very drowsy. There was nothing remarkable in this; but it occurred to me that I had heard of drugged cigars. Better, I thought, to err on the safe side; so I allowed my cigar to go out, and forced myself to talk so as to keep off the drowsiness.

Presently—whether on account of anything in the cigar, or not, I do not know—I began to suffer from an intolerable thirst. My flask was empty, and I did not dare to apply to my fellow-travelers; but to drink was a necessity. I counted the moments till we should reach the next station—Carstairs.

At last the train glided alongside the platform. Unfortunately my carriage was in the very front of the train, so that before I was able to jump out I was a long ways beyond the station buildings. The train was late, the platform was crowded and narrow, and our time was very limited. I saw that I could not get along the platform carrying my unwieldy bag, so when the carriage came to a standstill, I called a porter, told him to keep an eye on my luggage, and darted off for the refreshment room.

The crowd there was so great, and the accommodation so inadequate, that I was half mad with thirst and fear of losing the train before I could get back to the platform; and when I did so, what was my dismay to see the front half of the train moving slowly away.

Running as fast as I could, I overtook the train, opened the carriage door, and jumped in. I felt as if my brain had turned round. I knew that I had been traveling in the forward part of the train; yet here, in the very rearmost carriage, were seated my two fellow passengers.

I gazed at them in astonishment, and they stared at me. On the floor of the carriage was a portmanteau, which I recognized as belonging to the middle-aged man. It was open, and a miscellaneous collection—among them some articles of woman's dress—appeared.

"Why—how— Have you changed your carriage?" I asked. "We had to change, going to Edinburgh."

"But you are wrong!" I exclaimed. "The Edinburgh carriages were still standing at the platform when I left. This train is bound for Glasgow."

"That's your fault, Jim," said the man with the scar on his eyebrow. "I told you to ask the guard, and you said that it was all right—that you were sure that we were in an Edinburgh carriage."

As soon as we reached Motherwell, I bade my fellow travelers good-evening, ran along the train to my own carriage. My compartment was empty. I darted in and heaved a heart-



felt sigh of relief when I saw that everything was exactly as I had left it.

In a few seconds we were again in motion, and I began to get my things in order for leaving the train. In moving my Gladstone bag it seemed to me, I thought, rather lighter than it had been, in the morning.

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed to myself; but my heart began to beat fast as I took out my bunch of keys. The key did not fit easily, but it turned the lock.

Empty!

Thirty thousand pounds, Mr. Spencer had told me, was the value of the jewels, and now they were gone. I saw myself suspected, disgraced, dismissed, ruined.

How had the theft been effected? One of the two men must have distracted the porter's attention, while the other took my bag, leaving his own in the place of mine. They must have known that I had this treasure with me. How they knew it I could not even guess. Ever since I left Euston I had been in the company of thieves, who were watching for an opportunity to rob me.

They were in the train now. They knew that it would be easy to trace them at Carstairs—next to impossible to trace them in Glasgow. Therefore they had slipped into an empty compartment, little imagining that I would chance to enter it. Could I get out and make my way by the footboards to the other end of the train? No; impossible.

But the carriages were slowly coming to a standstill. We were stopping now, not at the Central station, but at a smaller one where the tickets were collected. Long before the train stopped I was on the platform, running toward the carriage in which I had left the thieves. I could not see that anyone left the train; but when I came to the compartment into which I had jumped at Carstairs, it was empty.

Rushing up to the guard, I told him of my loss, and added that I felt certain that the thieves were in the train.

He slowly shook his head.

Most likely they jumped out when we began to go slow," he said; "but I'll tell the ticket-collectors to look out for the scoundrels."

I described the two men as well as I could, and began to hunt through the carriages myself. It was all to no purpose. They were not to be seen. At length the guard said that he could not detain the train any longer, and half mechanically I went back to my carriage.

At the Central station I placed myself at the principal exit, and watched the departing passengers. In vain! When the last one had gone I went to the nearest police-station and reported my loss. Then I returned to the railway terminus, and, with a despairing heart, began to question the porters and cabmen.

As I was talking to a stupid cabman outside the station, I noticed that a sharp little street-boy was listening eagerly.

"I saw a man wi' a red beard," he said. "I carried his bag for him."

"Did you?" I exclaimed; "a bag like this?" showing him the thieves' Gladstone bag, which I still carried.

"No; a bigger ane. He carried ane like that himsel'. But there wasna two men; only ane man and a woman wi' him."

Like a flash of lightning there came back to me the remembrance of a shawl, and something like a skirt, which I had seen the younger of the two thieves cramming into his portmanteau. He must have disguised himself as a woman and thus had escaped the notice of the ticket collectors, and perhaps even of myself as I hurriedly searched the train.

"Show me where you carried the portmanteau to, and I will give you half a crown," said I to the lad.

He was off like an arrow, and I after him.

In ten minutes' time he stopped at the door of a small, ill-looking public house in a back street.

Having given the boy his half crown and sent him away, I entered the place.

A stout man in shirt-sleeves came forward to me.

"Can I have a bed here?" I asked.

"Pull up."

"You can give me a glass of whiskey and some bread and cheese, then."

He took me into an ill-smelling room, turned up a small gas jet, and went to get my supper. On one side of the room was a kind of glass screen, shaded by a red curtain on the other side of it. I could hear men's voices, though indistinctly. I quietly mounted a chair. There was a narrow gap, not above a quarter of an inch, between the top of the curtain and the top of the glass screen. I peeped through and looked right into the face of—my employer, Mr. Hill.

My heart leaped up. He would help me to trace the thieves. I sprang to the floor and ran out of the room. Then I stopped. "Why should he be here?" I asked myself. How did he come to be in this low den in Glasgow?

I went back, mounted the chair again and looked over the curtain. Two persons who had been sitting with their backs to the wall against which I was resting were now on their feet, leaning over the table. One was the man with the scar on his eyebrow; the other was his fellow traveler, in a woman's hat and gown. My bag lay on a chair at Mr. Hill's left hand.

The barman then came in with my meal.

"Look here," said I. "It is very late. I must sleep here to-night. Any corner will do;" and I slipped half a crown—I feared to give him more—into his hand.

In a quarter of an hour he came back, and beckoning me to follow him, led the way upstairs, and into a small dirty bedroom.

"This'll be half a croon," said he.

I paid him and he left me.

I blew out my candle, and, cautiously opening the door, began a tour of inspection, guided by the faint light which came up the staircase.

I crept down to the room I had seen the burglars in. I opened the door. The room was empty.

I locked myself into a clothes closet. In less than half an hour someone came into the room, lit the gas, and shut and locked the door. Then I heard the sounds of someone undressing, and the light went out.

I opened the door a very little way for air, but remained standing where I was for at least two hours; then I stole out and listened. Someone in the great bed was breathing heavily.

Creeping on my hands and knees to the side of the bed I found, as I had anticipated, that a Gladstone bag—my own, no doubt—was lying on top of the counterpane, the body of the sleeper partly resting against it.

Slowly—very slowly—I began to withdraw it. The sleeper stirred, and I stopped the movement.

As my hand pressed the pillow I felt something cold. It was a revolver. Gently lifting it I laid it on the carpet and again began drawing away the bag.

In two minutes more I had carried it to my own room, and was opening it with trembling fingers. Yes, the jewels were there safe!

Going quietly back to the room I had just left, I placed the bag containing the rubbish by the side of the bed. Then I stole out of the house, went to the railway station, and waited about until a train started for the South.

I reached London without any adventure, and went straight to Mr. Spencer. The surprise of that gentleman at seeing me and hearing my story may be imagined. Next day he carefully examined the books, and found that his junior partner had been robbing him to a very considerable extent.

Mr. Hill, it afterwards transpired, had been speculating wildly on the Stock Exchange, and was at his wits' end to obtain money to meet his losses. He had thus been tempted to rob his partner, and not content with the sums he had obtained by understating the prices of goods sold and so forth, he had conceived the idea of swindling Mr. Spencer out of some five-and-twenty thousand pounds at one stroke. He never appeared at the office again.

Mr. Spencer was not ungrateful for what I had done, and he expressed his gratitude in such a practical way that the years which I thought must elapse before a certain ceremony could take place were reduced to months. In fact, the event which formed the foundation of prosperity and happiness was neither more nor less than a diamond robbery.



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.... " " THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76, Nos.....  
.... " " Ten-Cent Hand Books, Nos.....

Name.....Street and No.....Town.....State.....